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SOCIETY NEWS.

THE BURIED MILLIONS

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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

SEARCH LIGHT

GIVES 1s. WORTH OF READING

For 3d.

VOL. III.—No. 123.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"Linen Lasts Longer"

And remains longer clean when washed with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP. HUDSON'S removes the dirt thoroughly, but leaves the linen behind without fraying your cuffs and jagging your collars.

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10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the Readers of this Journal only.

On receipt of this advertisement, accompanied by Postal Order for 6/-, or 74 stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our genuine SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPETS suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in different patterns and art colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These carpets are manufactured from a material equal in wear to wool, and are undoubtedly the cheapest in the world.

For every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome RUG to the person who will send TWO CARPETS and TWO RUGS for 10/6. Money willingly refunded if not satisfied.

The Queen says: "Decidedly stouter and handsomer than any of the kind, the price being the astounding part of the matter." Schoolmistress: "For style, durability, and cheapness, they cannot be beaten." Penny Illustrated Paper: "Manufactured in every variety of colour, and is one of the most surprising bargains I have seen." Church Bells: "Truly wonderful value."

Thousands of Testimonials similar to the following, and Repeat Orders, have been received from our Customers:

"60 Berkeley Square.—The Countess of Selkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

This offer is made to the readers of this Paper only, and MAY NOT BE REPEATED. All orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HARGREAVES, Secretary. ADDRESS—

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,
31 OLD STREET, ALDERSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

Australian Address:—306A DOCK STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

(EST. 1872.)

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Reckitt's Blue.

See that you get it!
As bad makes are often sold.

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SEE THAT THE NAME IS ON EVERY COPY.

SONGS.

- 577 An Old Sweet Greeting, in F
- 578 The Rose in Why " " B Flat
- 585 What are the Wild Waves Saying? Vocal Duet, G Major
- 586 Maggie Murphy's Home (Illustrated)
- 587 Diver, in E Flat (Illustrated)
- 588 Amb's Farewell to his favourite Steel
- 589 Where the sea breaks on the shore (Illustrated)
- 590 Teddy Q'Neale
- 591 Rock-a-ye baby
- 592 A solo, Grand and a man
- 593 Clementine
- 594 Climbing up the golden stairs
- 595 There is a tavern in the town
- 596 Gipsy Countess, Vocal Duet, G Major
- 10 Anchor's weighed! The
- 597 Barney (the pun on age)
- 598 Gathering shells from the sea-shore
- 10 Call me back again
- 10 Down by the river side
- 600 Filibuster, oh home again
- 601 Little brownie, the
- 602 Little peach in a
- 603 Old Polka Home Sweet
- 604 She's as bright as a
- 605 Sitting by the Fireside
- 606 Soldier's Farewell
- 607 Song that read
- 608 Sat
- 609 Then you'll remember me
- 610 Tipperary (Irish christening)
- 611 White Wings
- 612 Who's that calling so sweet

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A GRAND NEW SONG IN 3 KEYS.

The prettiest song you ever heard. The melody is charming. Illustrated title (coloured picture of above in shades of green). Post Free, only 2/-

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- 580 An Old Sweet Greeting, Waltz (on the Popular song), by Leonard Gaullier
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- 574 Fire Away Galop
- 575 March of the Phantoms Red
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- 606 Ruby Schottische. M. Wilson
- 513 Golden West Schottische
- 514 Mountain Path Mazurka
- 517 Whispers of the Forest
- 524 I've come to find Mary
- 525 Christmas Hells March
- 526 Mrs. ...
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Illustrated Price List (50 pages), Post Free, 2/-

THE HOLBORN MUSIC STORES.

15, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

Music of every publisher kept in stock. Also a large and varied selection of musical instruments (Established 1845.) How to Learn "THE BANJO IN 8 EASY LESSONS." Post Free, 1s. (Established 1845.)



Ladies are invited to write for Patterns. FAST PILE, FAST DYED, Every Inch Guaranteed.

In Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn. The Finest Imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever shown, thoroughly durable, with a full, rich pile.

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will GIVE A NEW DRESS for NOTHING at all, and pay the full cost for Making and Trimming.

WONDERFUL PATTERNS VELVETEEN AT 2/- A YARD.

This quality is sold by the best Drapers at 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s. a yard. LEWIS'S MANUFACTURE this Velveteen themselves, and sell direct to the public, and LADIES SHOULD WRITE FOR PATTERNS, and judge of the wonderful quality. Carriage paid on all orders.

Ladies should write for the New Patterns, WONDERFUL IN VALUE, STYLE, BEAUTY, VARIETY. Please mention "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," and Address: **LEWIS'S, In Market Street, MANCHESTER.**



This marvellous Plaster acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy. A trial of a small box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.

BOXES, 1s. 1/6., BY ALL CHEMISTS. FREE FOR 14 STAMPS BY THE PROPRIETORS.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

Are you going to do us a good turn by giving this copy to someone when you have read it?

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PAYMENT OF THE £1,000 INSURANCE MONEY.

PROBABLY every reader of this page is already familiar with the particulars of the terrible railway collision between the East Coast Express from Scotland to London and a goods train, which took place early on the morning of Wednesday, November the 2nd, near Thirsk Station, Yorkshire, the melancholy result being that ten persons were instantly killed, and a large number of others seriously injured.

I think it is scarcely necessary here to recapitulate details of the catastrophe. It will suffice to say that among those unfortunate passengers who were killed was Mr. James Jack Anderson, of Rowan Cottage, Barry, near Dundee, who had in his possession a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* for week ending November 5th.

We received the first notification of the claim on Saturday, November 5th, by wire, from Mr. Logie, banker, of Dundee. As we were just going to press there was no time to do anything but insert a paragraph in the last number stating that the claim was to hand, and that full particulars would appear in the next issue.

When inquiries came to be made it transpired that Mr. Anderson had omitted to fulfil a very important condition of our Insurance System in failing to sign his name on the coupon which appears in the paper.

However, Mr. Gray, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Gray and Martin, solicitors, 30 Reform Street, Dundee, at the urgent request of the Ocean Corporation and myself, took a special journey to London, bringing with him most complete evidence of the fact that Mr. Anderson was actually in possession of a copy of the paper at the time that he met with his sad death, this being of course the point that it is sought to establish beyond a doubt by insisting that the signature shall be appended to the coupon.

Mr. Gray was able to produce an affidavit from Mr. James Cunningham, newsagent, of Cowgate, Dundee, which was sworn before Mr. F. Spiers, J.P. for the county of Forfar, and was to the effect that the deceased man had purchased a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* before proceeding to the railway station for the purpose of journeying to London. It was further sworn that Mr. Anderson had been in the habit of regularly buying *Pearson's Weekly* when he was going on a railway journey, with a special view to availing himself of the benefits of the Insurance System.

Another affidavit made by Mr. William Cook, railway inspector at Thirsk, and which was sworn before Mr. Reginald Bell, J.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire, deposed that a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* was found by him on Mr. Anderson's body immediately after the accident, and this testimony was strengthened by the evident fact that it had been damaged and torn by the dreadful force of the collision.

Mr. Gray and I laid these facts fully before the Chairman and Directors of the Ocean Insurance Company, pointing out that they fully proved the fact which the signature would have established, namely, that the copy was really upon the deceased at the time of the collision. The Directors, after giving the matter the fullest consideration, and discussing it in all its bearings, stated that they were prepared to meet the claim, and I think that their generous action in this matter is to be most highly commended, for there is no question that had they chosen they could have repudiated any liability, a fact which the solicitor, Mr. Gray, had himself to admit.

The Ocean Corporation stands in the very front rank of Accident Insurance Offices, and its most handsome behaviour in this case cannot fail to enhance the great reputation which it already enjoys for upright and fair dealing. The generosity of its action is emphasised by the fact that another company which incurred a precisely similar liability in the same catastrophe has flatly refused to pay because the coupon was not signed.

The money was paid with the utmost promptitude into the Bank of Scotland, where it lies until probate has been obtained of the will of the late Mr. Anderson. When this has been done, it will be paid in equal shares to the two Misses Anderson, sisters of the deceased man who are his next-of-kin, and whose receipts will duly appear in these pages. It may be added that they are orphans, and were dependent upon their brother for support.

They will be put to no expense in the matter, for *Pearson's Weekly* has paid Messrs. Gray and Martin thirty guineas on account of their charges and the expenses of their trip to London.

As a result of this case, I have arranged with the Ocean Corporation to change the form of Coupon. It therefore appears now, and will appear in future, in such a shape as to enable each case as it comes up to be dealt with upon its merits, instead of being bound by hard and fast rules. It should, however, be stated distinctly that the Ocean Company do not consider themselves bound by this payment to recognise other claims in which the regulations are not conformed with.

I take this opportunity of pointing out a fact with which I expect not many readers are cognisant. By a special Act of Parliament (the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act 1890) these newspaper coupons are made as binding upon them as their own stamped policies, and they are legally obliged to recognise them as such.

In a case in which the insurance payment is undertaken by the proprietors of a journal without the intervention of the Ocean Company or the one other which has such Act as that referred to, competent authorities hold that a might be maintained that there is no legal contract whatever, and if the proprietors felt disposed to shuffle out of their obligation they might do so, and payment might not be obtained, however clear the claim was. This is putting aside altogether the possession of means to meet such a liability—and, however flourishing a business may be this is a matter that cannot be overlooked.

This I think I am justified in saying is a most important point for the consideration of those people who are in the habit of insuring themselves on railway journeys by the purchase of a copy of some paper or another.

In the case of *Pearson's Weekly*, provided the conditions are duly complied with, the payment is just as certain as if an accident policy costing at least £4 per annum had been taken out with the Ocean Accident Company, which has a subscribed capital of £225,000, its shares standing at 75 per cent. premium. In the case of a journal which takes the responsibility upon its own shoulders no such safeguard exists.

Pearson's Weekly pays every week to the Ocean Insurance Company a very large amount in premiums to cover its £1,000 Railway Insurance System and the General Accident System, on account of which sixteen claims have been paid. This premium, and the resulting contract with the Ocean Company, afford absolute security to readers who choose to avail themselves of the advantages offered to them.

It should be borne in mind, too, that the contract between *Pearson's Weekly* and the Ocean Company holds good to the extent of £1,000 for any number of deaths in the same accident, instead of providing for but one payment of its sum on account of any one accident as some other systems do.

The following are copies of documents relating to the case which may be of interest:—

Receipt for the £1,000 from the solicitors acting on behalf of the next-of-kin of the late Mr. J. J. Anderson:—

"Received of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, of Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., the sum of One Thousand Pounds, by payment into the Bank of Scotland, in settlement of their insurance of the claim of the next-of-kin of the late James Jack Anderson, against *Pearson's Weekly*, by reason of his death caused by the recent railway accident at Thirsk; and we undertake to produce to the said Corporation the probate, or confirmation of the Will when obtained, and it is understood that such payment is not any admission of your liability in cases where coupons are not signed.

"Dated the 11th day of November, 1892.

"GRAY & MARTIN, { Solicitors for the next-of-kin of the late
James Jack Anderson."

GRANDFATHER'S HAT.

THIS battered old beaver my grandfather wore
When I was a bit of a lad,
It has hung on a peg just behind the hall door
Ever since it was put there by dad.

It recalls the old days when my grandfather's face
Smiled down from beneath its broad brim;
His set, studied phrases, his cold, courtly grace,
His finger-nails polished and trim.

His long slender legs, straight and firm at the knees,
Clad in pantaloons, stockings, and pumps,
With a scarf like a shawl round his neck, if you please,
Just as if he was ill with the mumps.

He wooed in a stately, conventional way,
But his heart-beats were honest and true,
For he loved his fair crinolined sweetheart, they say,
When this battered old beaver was new.

Ah! the years that have passed since this bell-crowned
affair

Had a place on my grandfather's head!
Ah! the years that have passed since they buried him
where

He still sleeps—with the time honoured dead.

And the fashions have changed both in hats and in
hearts—

We have lost all the courtly old grace,
We auction our love in convenience's mart,
With hypocrisy's smile on each face.

Twould be well if we left off the gloss of veneer,
For an hour to be honest and true,
As were men in the days when my grandad was here,
And his battered old beaver was new.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT TO THE ROYAL TRAINS.

It may not be generally known that a telegraphist always travels by "royal trains." In case of any mishap a ladder is placed against the nearest telegraph-post, and a wire tied—or connected—with an instrument which the telegraph clerk works, sitting on the bank: By this means word can be at once sent to the nearest railway station giving instructions that assistance must be sent immediately to such and such a spot.

When a train with the sovereign on board is travelling all the men in responsible positions along the line are forewarned. Once on the Brighton line a trial was made. The royal train was stopped, and the telegraphist sent word in the way just described.

The result was most satisfactory, and the royal person was well pleased at the promptitude with which a relief party arrived from a place some miles distant.

A GOOD BATHE.

THE stream was about a hundred yards in width, and even when the water was quite low it looked deep and dangerous. Recently a "commercial," travelling on horseback through the district, came to the river, and hesitated about attempting to ford it. There was no bridge to be seen; so, after some indecision, he determined to swim his horse across. Spying a boy fishing in a small punt moored close to the bank, he said, "Hello, boat!"

"Hello yourself."
"Can I get you to take my clothes and this carpet bag across the river in your boat?"

"You kin."
"All right; I'll give you a shilling to take them to the opposite shore."

To this the boy nodded assent. The stranger disrobed, turned over his carpet-bag and habiliments to the juvenile, mounted his horse, and prepared to swim the river and enjoy the luxury of a bath. With a splash at every movement, the horse stepped into the stream and walked across—the water was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep.

To say that this commercial gent perched on the back of his horse was a man of iniquity for the space of half an hour, and indulged in "naughty language," would hardly do justice to the occasion.

TWO MEXICAN LEGENDS.

DON MORA, Hidalgo's revolution was on. Like a devastating whirlwind he was sweeping all before him. Mines were sprung from those that held them, and the mines were in the possession of this impetuous, haughty priest. Patriots were bringing pure virgin metal from the pits and pouring them into Hidalgo's coffers.

From the town of Mecha a transport set out to convey some of this fabulous wealth to the mint. With swinging censers the priests marched before the laden mules, chanting their hymns.

The enemy attacked them unaware. The fight was short and bitter, and the Royalists were victorious.

The battle was one of extermination. When the end came, one Spaniard stood upon the field, the sole survivor and possessor of all the untold wealth around him. For safety he threw all into a disused shaft, and covered it with the saddles of the mules. Then he joined the army once again, never to return and claim his treasure.

The records at Mecha told the amount lost, yet no search could reveal the hiding-place. Between the town and the mint it was lost. "In the White Cliff you will find it," said the Spaniard as he lay dying on the battlefield. But none could locate that spot.

And that was the first legend.

"Yes, I have heard it," said Fennimore. "I have heard it at every town in Mexico. Just now it is located in the neighbourhood of Lake Caiman. When we were at Santiago it was in the mountains of Leon. When we were at Guaymas it was up the Vagui River. If we ever get down to Tisapan it will be on Lake Chapala. It's a legend, I tell you—nothing more."

"Let me tell you another legend," said Morse. "It might help you to believe this one."

"Go ahead, so you don't make it tedious."

"Well, this legend says that Bosar, the father of Tais, knows where the silver is hidden."

Fennimore was all attention in a moment. "Go on," he said.

"Bosar knows where it is. That is the reason he will not work and yet manages to live so well. He lolls about in the shade down there at Parras, and when he is out of money he goes away in the night and is gone for weeks. When he comes back he has plenty of silver. It is not minted. It is in the antimony and arsenic, just as they used to mind it before they had modern methods. He puts it in the care of the alcaide down there at the town and lives like a prince for another year. Have you never heard that tradition?"

"Well, ask any shopkeeper in Parras; ask the very peons in the place—they will all tell you the same thing."

This was something of a revelation to Fennimore. It was all such a country of marvellous things. History from first to last was so much like a fairy tale that one could scarcely breathe Mexican air for a year and retain the English habit of incredulity. He believed the story.

It did not occur to him that he wanted to believe it.

And there was Tais, the beautiful Mexican he loved. She might know something of the later and more interesting tale. Since he was going to Parras he would ask her.

So, when he got there, he did, and she admitted that she had heard it. Did she believe it? Why not? Was it all possible? It was all very reasonable. Where was the white cliff?

Tais laughed at that.

"No one does know. They have hunted the country all over, and there is nothing. If I could find you the white cliff I would not ever rest till I had found out the silver."

The dark eyes were dancing with something more than animation. It was not the silver fever. She knew nothing of that thirst which had brought him here to compass riches.

And it was for him she would find the treasure! He caught the naïve confession, and scolded himself afresh. But the longing for wealth was very strong, and Fennimore continued:

"There is another legend. They say your father knows where the white cliff is. It is even said he goes to the pit which contains the treasure; that he goes there once a year, and brings away silver enough to keep him in luxury. They tell me he had done so for more than twenty years, and no one has been able to follow him."

There was a shade of pain, somewhat of displeasure, a her face. She changed her position in the hammock, and bent lower over the wool.

"He goes away some time and he comes back with money." The subject that seemed to have but one possible interpretation to him was clearly a painful one to her. She was abashed at something he did not understand.

"What would he do if you told me all about it?"

"What would he do? I do not know. I do not care. If I did know I would tell you."

"You say he goes away, and that he does come back with money. Where, then, does he get it?"

The passion of the Mexican showed in her face for the first time. It was indignation at the question. Then it was denance. Then it was confusion. She fairly covered before him as she said:

"Do not ask me that. You would hate me. But he does not get that silver."

This was very puzzling. He hesitated for a while,

looking at her, till something pitiful in her attitude appealed to his better nature, and he lost the white cliff in the pure heart before him.

"Well, bother the silver, Tais!" he said. "Let it all go. Come for a walk on the alameda. I am going back to Caiman to-morrow, and shall not be in Parras for a month."

She thanked him with her eyes, but did not at once rise. The invitation had reassured her. Whatever it was that made her reticent about her father's resources, this generous stranger would not regard it. He knew she suffered, and that she was not to blame, and she thanked him profoundly. But she did not go with him.

Fennimore finished the purchase of his supplies, had them strapped on the mules, and went back to the camp at Caiman. Next day he took two peons and rowed across the lake to inspect the mines on the other side, leaving Morse in charge at the eastern shore. When half over, one of the men sat bolt upright, dropped his oar and stared at the blank hills they had left, his eyes dilating as if they had opened on a vision. The loss of the stroke almost capsize the boat.

"Pull up there, Carlos," commanded Fennimore. His fellow stared angrily at the startled oarsman. He resumed his work without a word; but there was a wonderful light in his small, black eyes, and a singular pallor on his dusky face.

It was well toward sundown when they started back. The two peons sat side by side, as before, but they evidently had some understanding. They chatted together in a fraternal way, quite unlike anything known before. They were silent when Fennimore was near them, and delayed departure by their more than dilatory ways.

The sun was a great blazing globe in the west when they left the shore, and Fennimore, sitting there in the stern, with the tiller lines in his hands, thought he had never seen a sight more beautiful. The effects of the sunset on the water before him, and at either hand, was wonderful.

The cliffs that rose from the eastern shore were tinted with a splendour no art could portray. Little by little the shadows stole across the water and crept up the slanting hills. The further shore was softened in colour as the sun went down, till the mountains beyond seemed lifted and drifting crimson ships on a purple sea.

What was that?

A blazon of white stood out on the cliffs. It was as plain as the mountains. Here was the white cliff!

In the swiftness of the revelation he started to point towards it, and his hand, tightly grasping the tiller ropes, threw them about. One of the peons had half risen, but was forced to his seat again. That movement recalled Fennimore to the boat. Both his men had ceased rowing, and were glaring at him with basilisk eyes, the light of murder shining from both of them. Suddenly one of them unshipped his oar and started forward again.

But life in a land infested by bandits had taught promptness to Fennimore, and in an instant he had covered the man with a pistol.

"Take up your oar, you two," he said instantly. "For a copper cent I would kill both of you, and throw your bodies in the lake."

He understood them now. They had seen that lost landmark on the way over, and had tried to wait at the mills until it was too dark to see it coming back, when he would be facing the mountains. "I ought to shoot the two of you," he said wrathfully.

What should he do with them? Evidently they knew the significance of the discovery as well as he, and were as eager to avail themselves of its possibilities. It was a secret he did not wish to share with anyone. Peons or other natives were particularly unwelcome. Yet there was nothing for it now but to assume and keep the mastery as he always had done—as the foreigner ever does in Mexico.

He had time to speculate as he watched the illusion dissolve. The nearer he approached the cliff the less of white there was to be seen. Clearly enough, it was a matter of distance and angle. From no other place could the beacon be seen. How well had the Spaniard hidden the treasure! How fortunate had favoured the Englishman in its discovery!

Early in the morning, he took blasting-powder and climbed the steep road to the very top of the mountain. There, close to the brink of the precipice, was a shaft, so old that stunted trees were growing far down in its flaring mouth. He could not see the bottom; but a pebble dropped into the dark abyss was seconds in reaching the bottom. He wondered how it could have been dug so deep in the days of imperfect machinery.

Fennimore started down to the beach again. He was keeping close to the cliff, and the road, so long deserted, was very dimly outlined. While pushing aside the manzanita bushes he came to a little shelving rock that jutted out from the face of the cliff and offered a footing.

He followed it, creeping along with his back to the rock, his hands outspread beside him, his eyes on the camp below where the peons were at work in their leisurely way, till it grew broader, shelving inward, and hid him from the narrow strip of land between the lake and the foot of the mountain.

Here was a cave. He gathered some of the dried bushes at its mouth and made a torch. Inside was simply a great cavern with a vaulting roof and masses of hanging rock above the entrance. They seemed just ready to fall and punish intrusion with captivity.

He clambered about the rocks within, tapping here and

there and listening to the hollow sound, he knew would tell of the pit and the monks' treasure. The powder-can was in the way and he laid it down.

There was a shadow in the door of the cave. Fennimore dropped his torch and sprang to the ground. Bosar was there, and the two peons who had rowed across the lake yesterday. Before he could draw his pistol they had covered him with their weapons.

"What did you find?" asked Bosar. His passive face wore a demonic light above the rifle-barrel.

"Nothing," responded Fennimore, at the absolute end of his resources, and groping helplessly for a means of escape, walking slowly backward into the deeper shadow.

"Stay there with it!" cried the Mexican, and the sharp report of his weapon punctured the sally of wit.

But there was a brighter flash, a more thunderous report, a wilder tumult of imprisoned air. The torch had ignited the blasting powder, and tons of rock were hurled from the face of the white cliff. Fennimore lay crippled and bleeding under a mass of debris at the back of the cave, choking and struggling with the sulphurous air and the dust. He was in utter darkness, for the entrance had been filled with the falling stone.

He had scarcely time to realise how utterly he was lost, when the silence that followed the explosion was broken by the dropping of a single rock from the roof of the cave. In a moment another followed, and then down came a mass of mingled dirt and boulders. For a moment a very stream of rubbish ran from the rent above him, and then a ray of daylight streamed through the hole in the roof and shone in the centre of the cavern.

Having descended the cliff he had by chance entered in at a level with the bottom of the pit!

Spite of his wounds, spite of the helplessness of his situation, Fennimore tried to clamber to his feet and gaze at the heap before him. He fell back faint at the sight that met his eyes, and the convincing proof of his splendid fortune. There were bones of men, and bones of mules. There were ancient stirrups and metal saddle frames. There were a cluster of censers, twined together by their chains, and a cluster of rosaries, tangled and broken.

He shut his eyes and dropped across the apex of the heap, his hands grasping the relics of Hidalgo's age, his senses numbed by the hopes of his own, while the sunlight that had looked unmoved on all uprisings, shone down upon him through a hundred feet of earth.

Morse and his men took up the mangled bodies of Bosar and the peons.

"What on earth were they blasting up there?" he asked; and there was no one to tell him.

The Mexican was taken to his home at Parras.

"Where is Fennimore?" was the first question of Tais. And there was no one to answer that. She called the alcaide to watch with her father, and went back with Morse to Lake Caiman. Her wits supplied what help they needed, and Fennimore was found.

Then they searched the cave for the treasure. They moved every inch of earth that had come down from that ancient shaft. They heaped the bones and the stirrups and the censers together, and that was all they found of the reputed wealth that had started to Durango in 1811.

"Why, what does it all mean?" demanded Fennimore, as he swung in the hammock at Parras, and knew that the white cliffs, and the monks' pit, and the patriotic cavalcade were secrets no longer. "How does it happen there was no treasure? How do you account for it?"

"Just as you accounted for the whole thing at the beginning, Fennimore," said Morse. "That story of the fourteen loads of silver was a legend—nothing more; and something like it is current in Leon, and at Guaymas, and down at Tisapan. We can find bones and a crucifix in half the shafts of Mexico, but the donkey-loads of silver—they have vanished with the Incas. Legends, Fennimore; nothing but legends. Bosar's mysterious wealth comes from brigandage."

"But, Tais, is real," said the engineer, as he drew her dark head down to the pillow.

"Tais," said Morse impressively, "is a million reals. She saw you through solid rock. She went to you straight as the light through that Toltec shaft. She was ten men in the work till we had you safe. Since then she has been mostly woman. She found you, and bound up your wounds, and gave you her home. There are Mexican treasures." And that was the end of the second legend.

THE word that can be made out of the letters contained in IT IS MUD I BEVILE IS VERISIMILITUDE. Here are the names and addresses of the twenty-five persons to whom pencil-cases have been forwarded:—

Rose Williams, 28 Malpas Road, Harnsey Rise, N.; E. J. Johnson, 58th Street, Harpenden, Herts.; E. W. Perkins, Uffington, Devon; F. Wile, 15 Fortwood Street, Liverpool; M. D. Mier, the Vale, Gwent; Mrs. Perry, 27 Market Street, Paddington, W.; J. Henderson, 47 Great King Street, Edinburgh; H. Woodcock, 8 Farley Road, Selhurst; A. D. Birch, Laurel Villa, Netley Abbey; Miss E. Aboussou Rue Erlanger, Aulnay, France; M. E. Doughty, Cornwell House, Explanade, Farnham; H. Marshall, Sowarigova Road, Waltham Abbey; R. Jeffries, 84, 6 Duke Avenue, Manchester; E. Staples, Gas Works, Northfleet; Ethel Allen, Victoria Road, Diss, Norfolk; H. Healy, 74 Upper North Street, Poplar, E.; K. T. Briggs, Tamar Lane End, Westleigh, Lancashire; Mr. J. Jardine, Chiltern Road, Dunstable, Beds.; Mrs. W. C. Park, 18 Westbourne Street, Stockton-on-Tees; Mrs. T. Dailly, The Barracks, Chichester; J. Lilley, 50 Club, St. Peter's Square, Nottingham; G. W. Chiff, 4 Austin Terrace, Edmond, Cheshire; Miss J. Williams, 21 Kendal Terrace, Leeds; W. Hemmels, Brentwood, Rotherham; W. H. Stoye, Island Revenue, Solihull, near Birmingham.

ONLY ONE BREED.

"If I understand you," said the lawyer to the man who called to consult him, "your cow was knocked down at a level-crossing, and you want to bring an action against the company for damages?"

"Yes, that's right."

The lawyer made a memorandum.

"Valuable animal, I presume?"

"Pretty good cow; hadn't no bad tricks; good milker."

"What breed?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Was she badly injured?"

"Badly injured? Why she was killed dead-end a mackerel."

"And buried?"

"Course."

"Why didn't you say so?" exclaimed the lawyer impatiently. "There's only one breed of cattle under such circumstances."

And he made another memorandum—"Breed, Jersey; value, \$150."

A STRANGE PLACE FOR BUTTERFLIES.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from California, gives interesting observations upon the occurrence of butterflies at elevations much above any noted in Europe.

It is remarkable, says he, that these creatures of a southern day can fly so far, and can bear such a degree of cold as they do in crossing our mountain ranges.

Last summer, while on a peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, I saw butterflies sailing leisurely about in the air above me with no more ado than if it had been a lowland garden.

That was above the line of perpetual snow. In climbing that peak I had passed over snow ten feet deep.

At another time, in the summer of 1890, I saw butterflies at an altitude of eleven thousand feet on a mountain of British Columbia, near the south-eastern frontier of Alaska.

There was a pass, although a high one, on the mountain, and the butterflies were going through it towards the east, and seemed to be migrating. Although these were not so high as those seen on the Sierra Nevada, yet in a latitude so far north it was more surprising to see them—practically almost under the Arctic circle.

The butterflies were several thousand feet above the line of perpetual snow. As I said, they seemed to be winging, all going in the same direction.

Those on the Sierra Nevada, on the other hand, appeared to be flying about for their own pleasure, not going anywhere in particular.

FETCHING THE PUBLIC.

HENRY BLIVENS was an artist in Paris, where he expected to garner in a heavy crop of immortal glory and golden ducats, but he made nothing but a big lodging bill. For months he had worked on a figure of Venus. When it was done it was a melancholy affair, with sad eyes turned up at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and a complexion like a consumptive cheese.

Higher and higher rose the lodging bill, deeper and deeper grew the despair of the artist. One day a stranger entered the studio.

"Jack!" said Henry.

"Hello!" said Jack.

It was a gleam of hope in the darkness. John Perkins was a retired circus proprietor; he had started life with a yellow clarinet and a performing bear, and retired with a fortune. He listened to the artist's tale of woe, and replied:

"Noodle, why don't you sell your picture and your misery?"

"It could not be given away with a pound of tea," exclaimed Henry dejectedly.

"Stuff!" rasped out his companion. "Jack, leave it to me. Have you got any soot? We will sell the picture for 40,000 francs."

The artist brought soot, gasping. Seizing a handful his friend daubed the picture front and back until its own grandmother would not have known it.

"Give me a brush," he cried, and in the lower corner he carefully painted "Rafael Pinkuit," and then obscured it with soot, when the outlines of Venus could be dimly seen as through a cloud. "Get me an old rotten frame," he said at length, and, when the picture was transferred to it, it looked as if it had come out of a junk shop.

"Come with me," he said to the artist, "to the Paris Salon."

"Place for a master-piece, gentlemen," exclaimed the circus proprietor in a confident tone.

The committee were profoundly affected by the grimy appearance of the treasure and hung it up in the most prominent place in the exhibition, and marked it No. 1.

When the painter had had the effrontery to offer it in a fresh state the committee had knocked him downstairs. Now they were all suavity.

They called on a number of poor painters.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Perkins, "I will give you 40 francs a-piece if you will sit and sketch picture No. 1, 'Venus' in the Salon."

They were engaged. A crowd of students he next employed at two francs an hour, to stand in an entranced state before the picture. The Salon opened, and crowds stood in front of it. The artists raved and tore their hair in pretended delight. The artists copied and sketched as if their lives depended on it. Men in the audience fought to get a glimpse. Women fainted in the crush. The noblest works of French artists were slighted.

Then a critic scraped off the soot from one corner and found the name "Rafael Pinkuit" with a microscope. A sensation was caused, equalled only by revolution. 50,000 francs bid a Duke, 100,000 francs offered a Marchioness, 400,000 francs bid the Prince Clam-Clam.

The latter bid was accepted and the money paid, and out of it the lodging bill was made a thing of the past. The Parisians still rave over the picture, which can be seen by anyone in the Louvre Gallery, although it has to be whitewashed occasionally to preserve its visibility, and the moral is, you can make a copy of any of the old masters by the judicious use of a tea-shop chrome and a box of blacking.

THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN EUROPE.

I HEARD the other day the name of the Princess Metternich mentioned as being the ugliest woman in Europe. This is not altogether true, for there is another lady, equally high and equally famous, who is even still uglier.

She is the celebrated—some people say the notorious—Princess Troubetzkoi, who for so many years acted as the Egeria of President Thiers, and who still exercises an immense influence in French political circles. Princess Lize is absolutely without a single physical point of which she can boast.

Her face has always been monstrously plain, the nose being just two holes in the face, the eyes of a washed-out colour and wanting in fine form, the mouth coarse, with yellow teeth in detached pegs. Her neck, always thin, has become with advanced age still more scraggy than in days of yore. Her arms have always been mere skewers, and her feet flat, and more like those of a frog than anything else.

In spite of all this, by her wit and thorough talent in bringing art to supply the deficiencies of Nature, she was one of the most victorious firms in her youth and middle age that have come within range of my observation. The art of the dressmaker, of the coiffeur, and of her maid completely transformed her, and used to make her a redoubtable rival for no matter what beauty.

VISITING THE GUICOWAR.

"WHAT are you doing here? Are you sick?" This was the rather discouraging greeting which we received from the Guicowar, ruler of Baroda, India, when we presented ourselves at the royal palace in response to an invitation from his Majesty to go on an antelope hunt. We, unferred, however, that the speech had suffered in the rendering of two interpreters, and replied, "We came from London to see your Majesty." This seemed to please him, and for the rest of the day he did all that a rajah could do to entertain us, which was a good deal.

After the hunt we returned to the palace, and ate a breakfast which the rajah had prepared after the English fashion.

Etiquette forbade his Majesty to sit with us, but he sent his grand vizier and several ministers. They pretended to sit by and do us honour. Really they were deeply interested in watching us eat. They were shocked at us taking meat. One of them pointed in horror at a sausage, and inquired whether it was animal, fish, or vegetable.

These Hindoos are unable to imagine drinking without intoxication, and so when we took wine, they smiled delightedly, and said, "Behold, they are going to get drunk." It was evidently a great surprise to them that we remained silent and serious.

We learned the explanation of the singular appearance of some native sentinels. The rajah had heard of the famous Highland regiments. He had copied their costume even to having his soldiers wind their black legs in pink bandages.

The rajah's museum of curiosities were impressively exhibited for our edification. It contained musical-boxes, dolls that said "papa" and "mamma," a toy train, a toy steamboat, cuckoo clocks, and all kinds of European bric-a-brac. Evidently these were valued in India just as Indian odds and ends are in Europe.

When we returned to our bungalow that night we found there a man of awful appearance. About his waist was an arsenal of sabres, daggers, and revolvers.

"Who is that?" I faltered in dismay.

"Pay no attention to him; he is a thief," replied our guide calmly.

"Ah?"

"Yes, the Maharajah's thief."

"What?"

"You see in this country there is an association of thieves, who have raised their profession to an art. When one of them is in a house, no other member of the company will enter it, and so many persons hire one for protection. The Guicowar has several, and has sent this one to guard you."

LET US EAT TO SLEEP!

AUTHORITIES seem to have been at variance ever since man knew he had a digestion (which discovery, by the way, ought never to have been made) with regard to the proper and most advantageous time of the day in which to take nourishment. Some say eat often and a little at a time, while others are equally willing to adduce arguments in favour of one enormous feed in the middle of the day, which is to practically do duty for the entire twenty-four hours.

All the nations of Europe have their own ideas, and have been resolute in maintaining the practices which have been handed down from their ancestors.

There seems to be, however, one point which has come determinately to the fore of late years. This is with regard to the connection between eating and sleeping; and some radical change is likely to take place before very long, at any rate with a great many British families.

The popular idea seems to be that eating at night is highly injurious to the constitution. Mother Nature, on the other hand, appears to contradict this notion. Provided a man is hungry, and his stomach in proper condition, the practice is not only unwholesome, but rather beneficial. To go to bed on an empty stomach is apt to drive away sleep altogether. Hunger sauce is excellent where feeding is concerned, but its efficacy is entirely eliminated when it is used to induce sleep.

Three or four hours before bedtime a substantial dinner or supper should be devoured. Then on going to bed some simple food should be taken every night, especially where delicate persons or invalids are concerned.

Animals in their natural state, and small babies, who are nothing more, in almost every instance, sleep after their feeding time, and the same principle applies equally to human beings. Extra blood is required to supply the juices requisite for digestion, and this causes a great quantity to leave the head, and the powers thus becoming dormant sleep prevails.

Persons invariably feel drowsy after a heavy meal because so much blood is thus drawn away. In the same manner, wakefulness is very often merely an indication of hunger. The digestive organs having finished with it the blood flows once more to the head, bringing with it consciousness.

The prevalent notion seems to be that the digestive organs rest simultaneously with the brain. However, physiology does not support this supposition. There are innumerable cases of men, women, and children complaining of sleeplessness, solely occasioned by hunger, which, if satisfied, would be immediately followed by sleep.

The correct word in this competition will be found in the number of SOCIETY NEWS which is on sale at all Newsagents first thing on the morning of Thursday, December 1st. Full particulars will appear as usual in PEARSON'S WEEKLY of the following Saturday.

MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. LI.

ON the third column of page 299 is a paragraph about the stinging nettle. The last word in it is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out the coupon below, fill in this word, together with their names and addresses, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Monday, November 23th, the envelope marked "WORD."

The correct word is in the hands of Mr. H. S. Linley, Chartered Accountant, 124 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. His statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in the issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to Temple Chambers, London, E.C. as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as he or she chooses provided that each is accompanied by a separate coupon and a sufficient remittance. All postal orders must be made payable to Pearson's Weekly.

M. W. C. No. 51.

Word

Name

Address

A Coupon also appears in SOCIETY NEWS which entitles purchasers to enter for PEARSON'S WEEKLY Missing Word Competition on payment of the usual shilling.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1171. Which Civilised Country Owe Most to its Physical Configuration?

Beyond all question, this favoured island of our own. To begin with its internal excellencies, the intelligent observer of a map of Great Britain will see that, in the first place, it contains admirable proportions of hill, vale, and plain. Secondly, its hills are so placed that by far the greater number of its rivers must have comparatively long and gently sloping courses, and therefore to be extremely favourable to internal navigation and the construction of a system of canals connecting them. The mountains, being on the western side, receive the moisture-laden winds from the Atlantic, and so provide a constant supply of water for the rivers. Further, the geologist will see that our hills and mountains are composed of the richest mineral-bearing strata and the best kinds of stone for industrial purposes. Lastly, the arrangement of hill, valley, and plain is such that there are nowhere very great difficulties in the way of building railways or roads. Thus, by land and water, its internal communications are practically perfect. Then, as regards what may be called external configuration, its shape is such that no part of it is more than seventy miles from the sea or an inlet of it. Not only has it a very long coast-line in proportion to area, but that coast-line is better provided with harbours, roadsteads, and shelters, than any similar stretch of coast-line in the world, and, as though it has been specially designed for the abode of a free people, that portion of its coast which is opposite to the lands of most probable invaders is guarded against the stranger by an almost impassable array of shoals, sandbanks, and rock-bound shores. To crown the whole, the fact that it is placed in the exact centre of the land hemisphere of the globe, all parts of which are therefore as near as possible to it, marks it out as the natural commercial centre of the world.

1172. An East Wind always brings a Black Cloud over the Rock of Gibraltar, but, however strong the Wind, it never Blows Past the Rock. Why?

THE atmospheric conditions east and west of the Rock of Gibraltar are altogether different. The temperature of the water in the Mediterranean is several degrees higher than that of the Atlantic, outside the Straits of Gibraltar. The warm wind blowing across the heated waters of the Mediterranean, becomes laden with moisture, then rises into the higher part of the atmosphere, and is carried by the east wind into the vicinity of the Rock of Gibraltar. Here it becomes chilled, and therefore is made visible in the form of a black cloud, the chill commencing a short distance to the windward of the rock, and continuing a little distance to the leeward of it, until the air is no longer affected by the cool surface it has been in contact with for a time. Beyond that the wind can never drive it, not because the wind is unable to detach the cloud, but because the conditions for the formation of a cloud are not in existence on the westward side of the rock.

1173. Which is the Longest Work of Fiction in the English Language?

This distinction belongs to Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." The average number of words in a modern novel is from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand words, whereas "Clarissa Harlowe" contains one million, one hundred, and thirty-four thousand words. Henry Fielding's "Tom Jones" falls but little short of half a million words. Sterne only brought up his "Tristram Shandy" to two hundred and twenty-five thousand words, but then he died in the midst of his labour.

1174. Is Human Sacrifice Still Practised in any Part of Europe?

Yes. The inhabitants of the Malmyahk district, in the Government of Vyatka, in Russia, are still hopeless Pagans, and still, in times of natural affliction, such as drought, heat, heavy rains, or untimely frost seek to appease the wrath of their gods by animal sacrifices. Less than three months ago it appeared to them that the horrors of the Russian famine would be aggravated for them by an almost total failure of their harvests; and their wise men decided that nothing less than a human sacrifice would avert the disaster. Consequently they singled out by lot a peasant named Matunin, and sacrificed him by tying him up by his feet, cutting off his head, and catching his blood in a huge basin to scatter over the afflicted fields, and on the huts of the tribe. The police used every effort to discover the authors of the atrocity, but without success. Many arrests were made on suspicion, but the crime could not be brought home to anyone, as the whole tribe of Votyaks, as they are called, had evidently conspired to perform the sacrifice.

1175. What is the Effect of Mixed Immigration on the Criminal Statistics of the United States?

According to recent investigations conducted by THE NEW YORK TIMES, one-sixth of the foreign-born population contributes more criminals of various classes than the whole of the native inhabitants. At the same time, the ten States which contain the largest foreign element are by no means the most conspicuous for poverty. In the States, as elsewhere, crime and poverty do not go together. On the contrary, six States showing the largest proportion of foreigners, as well as the largest proportion of criminals, are above the average of wealth. During the last ten years, the influx of potential criminals has immensely increased. Most of these come from Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy, and these now number one-third of the total foreign immigration as against one-twelfth ten years ago. From the above facts it will be seen that mixed immigration tends to largely raise the ratio of crime to population in the great Republic.

1176. Why does the Whistle of a Locomotive seem to Alter in Pitch as the Train Passes the Listener's Standpoint?

The speed with which a locomotive advances towards a person causes the waves of vibration communicated to the atmosphere by the whistle to follow more quickly one on the other than would be the case were the engine stationary. The pitch of a note being directly proportionate to the number of vibrations communicated to the ear, the note thus heard is really higher than that actually produced by the whistle itself. When the engine recedes the converse takes place, and the note experienced is lower than that of the whistle. The faster the train travels the greater will be the difference between the pitch of the notes heard by the listener as the locomotive advances towards and recedes from his station.

1177. To what Extent is the so-called Faith Cure based on Fact?

To just that extent to which what we call mind is capable of influencing for good that which we call matter. All so-called faith cures come under the head of what professors of hypnotism call "suggestion." In other words, unimpeachable experiments have shown that, save in the case of organic injury, if a sufferer can be made absolutely to believe that he or she is really well the cure will be effected. Thus some time ago Dr. Pridgen Teale, of Leeds, cured a girl of loss of speech through hysteria simply by inserting a laryngoscope into the back of her mouth, withdrawing it, and telling her in an impressive tone, "Now you can speak," and she immediately did so. Again, Dr. Bramwell, of Goole, and Professor Benheim have both demonstrated that they can destroy pain in a subject by mere suggestion. The former has immediately stopped sea-sickness by this means, and before the Congress of Experimental Psychology in London caused a patient to sit down and have eight teeth out by the simple assertion that no pain would follow, and in seven

cases out of the eight the extraction was perfectly painless. Of course absolute subjection of the will of the patient to that of the operator, or, in other words, perfect faith, is always necessary for success. Thus it is well known that patients who have resisted the treatment of their own medical men have been cured by exactly the same treatment under the control of eminent specialists, simply because they believed in the one and not in the other. With regard to alleged miracles, the conditions are the same. Granted no structural injury or defect, perfect faith and powerful suggestion will accomplish the cure.

1180. What would the Physical Features of the Earth look like if the Oceans were Removed?

The present continents would appear as vast table-lands culminating in peaks eight to ten miles above the intervening valleys. First, there would be the plateau of Eurasia (Europe plus Asia), with its highest summits in the Himalayas. To the south of Europe would be seen the African table-land rising up into the great Lake region, with Ruwenzori as its culminating summit; and Australia would constitute a great outline south of Asia. North and South America would form two immense triangular plateaux in the Western Hemisphere. Between the American masses and the opposite elevations of Europe and Africa would lie the wide valley of the Atlantic, shallow at its northern end, but deepening out towards the south into an extensive Antarctic depression. The Atlantic basin would be narrowed where South America and Western Africa now approach each other. In its northern division would rise two elongated plateaux running, roughly, parallel to the length of the valley, and they would divide the North Atlantic basin into three parallel troughs. Towards the east, groups of volcanic mountains would rear their peaks to a vast height, and between them and the African elevation would lie a valley 5,000 feet in depth. On the western side, in the great Mexican heights, would be grouped numerous mountain ranges and isolated summits. The southern half of the Atlantic depression would also be varied by ridges and elevated platforms, and some mountains, such as form the islands of St. Helena and Ascension, would rise to a great height. The areas now occupied with the Pacific and Indian Oceans would also constitute broad basins. In the former would appear a vast number of groups of isolated mountains capped by coral limestone. Some of these groups would consist of active volcanoes. Mountain ranges would also occur crowned with volcanic peaks. Where the Eastern Archipelago is now situated, between the two great basins, there would rise a vast elevated region, scarcely separated from the Asiatic plateau, with several chains of volcanoes. In the northern part of the depression now occupied with the Indian Ocean, there would be scattered about several groups of mountains with coral tops. The Pacific and Indian basins would also deepen towards the Antarctic depression.

1181. Which British Subject has had the Greatest Number of Titles Bestowed upon Him during the Present Century?

Beyond all comparison the first Duke of Wellington, whose list of titles of nobility, orders of knighthood, military and civil, and offices carrying titles with them, if written out at full length would almost fill one of these columns. Putting the matter as shortly as possible, it will suffice to say that his Grace held four Dukedoms, three Marquisates, one Earldom, one Viscounty, one Barony, one Princedom, one Countship, eight Field Marshalships, and twenty-six different orders of knighthood, British and foreign. He was also Lord High Constable of England, Constable of the Tower, Constable of Dover Castle, Warden and Chancellor and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Master of the Trinity House, and the holder of several honorary university degrees as well.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1211. Which British colony has proved most costly in blood and treasure to the mother country?
1212. Can herbivorous or carnivorous animals live longest without food?
1213. Does any British song-bird sing its best during a thunderstorm?
1214. Are there any instances of stars disappearing bodily and permanently from the heavens?
1215. What will be the probable result when the Americas are filled up and western civilisation begins to press on the old and stagnant civilisations of the East?
1216. Can speech be learnt without imitation?
1217. Which manufacture requires the most complicated machinery?
1218. Does any inhabitant of the ocean clothe or adorn itself?
1219. What humble animal has most influenced the course of English history?
1220. Why is swimming less natural to man than to other land animals?

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, has settled claims as a result of the terrible railway accident at Thirk for

OVER £2000.

The daily papers abound in accounts of terrible accidents, on land and at sea, at home and abroad. No one, therefore, can count himself free from the accidents of everyday life. All should provide themselves with a policy against accidents of all kinds in the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, whose watchwords are:—

LIBERALITY, PROMPTITUDE, AND SECURITY. AGENTS WANTED.

Apply to RICHARD J. PAULL, Secretary,
Mansion House Buildings,
London, E.C.

WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers, the children come;
It's this way and that way they circle and file—
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after a while
They march straight into this heart of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet, the beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall,
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;
It will rock you away to the Dreamland above—
Oh, a jolly old heart is the old heart of mine!
And jollier still is it bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not his dear little face,
And hear not his voice in this jubilant place,
I know he were happy to bid me enshrine
His memory deep in my heart with your play.
Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine
Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!
And my heart it is lonely, so, little folk, come,
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

HOW DIFFERENT PEOPLE GET ABOUT.

AN ever was of an extremely ambitious temperament. It is not in his line at all to be content with anything for very long.

When he first came into existence, Mother Nature presented him with a good strong pair of legs, with the evident intention that he should run about the earth like the other animals.

But Mr. Man thought this was hardly good enough. He determined to do better.

The first thing he set about was to get over the land faster than he was made to. For this purpose he took advantage of some unoffending animal whose speed he envied, and got upon its back. This was satisfactory. He found he crowded a lot more incident into the course of a day, and with a great deal less trouble to himself.

So in the course of ages he began to make artificial things to serve the same end, a few varieties of which I will mention anon.

When Man found that he was getting over the land in a satisfactory way he set about tackling the waters.

He succeeded probably more easily than he had anticipated, and soon found himself in a position to trespass to an unlimited extent upon the confines of the fishy ones.

Then he envied the birds. But even in these advanced days he cannot imitate them. However, he hopes to some day. In the meanwhile when I have mentioned balloons I have exhausted the category. There is no nation or people with any other means of traversing the skies. Those that have not got balloons don't fly. On which point they deserve congratulation.

When men first attempted taking to the waters they made use of inflated skins, which worked admirably—so long as the skin did not burst.

Some of the modes in use to-day are almost as primitive. The most ingenious specimens, perhaps, are the rafts in common use upon the Nile and on the rivers of India. In the former country they are called by the natives "kullehs."

Their construction is simple, for they are made of immense earthenware jars to which are securely lashed beams of timber.

These can be propelled at a very fair speed and are utilised especially for calling at the various trading centres for the purpose of bartering. Both on the Nile, and, indeed, in many other countries, the raft is likely to be, for many years yet, a common sight.

A very slight improvement on this form of water-locomotion is the "langady" of Mirzapore.

To build this, the trunks of some fine trees are procured and then hollowed out, and these, placed side by side, are secured by cross-beams. When completed, they are able to float about half a dozen people at a time.

From these simple and unsophisticated contrivances it is curious to think of the multitudinous varieties of canoe and boat, schooner and frigate, until a picture of the great liners and war-ships of this and other countries floats across the mind.

Nearly every nation of the world has its own ideas about locomotion on land. However, wherever steam is concerned, things are run on practically the same lines all the world over. It is rather in the variety of ways of covering a short journey that methods differ to a great extent.

In Japan, in the place of the private carriage and cab of this country, they have a two-wheeled vehicle called the "jinrikisha." It is really a miniature dog-cart, only a man runs between the shafts instead of a horse.

There was a good deal of talk some little time ago about introducing this conveyance into London. However, this idea seems to have entirely fallen through.

The people of the great Celestial Empire patronise a most extraordinary combination vehicle.

This is called the Chinese wheelbarrow. It can boast only one wheel, which revolves under the centre of the cart. In front a mule is attached, while a pigtailed gentleman shoves behind. There is, however, still another motive power, which is a good-sized sail secured to a mast.

Propelled by the combined efforts of all these powers the Chinese aristocrat travels about at the rate of five to seven miles an hour. In a high wind, provided the mule was not stubborn, it would be possible to do even more than this.

In Madagascar they use to-day a carriage similar to the sedan chair that was at one time in vogue in this country, but even more primitive in character. It is a simple construction formed of an upholstered seat resting on two long parallel bamboo poles, which are carried on the shoulders of four men.

The Esquimaux patronise a dog-sledge. Dogs are plentiful, so they are not particular how many they run in a team. Sometimes it is two, sometimes four, often eight, and occasionally, when they are wanted for transport, many more of these swift, sure-footed little creatures are driven.

In Lapland, as is well known, they drive reindeer in their sledges, and in this manner they can cover enormous distances, and at a great pace, too, if they have occasion.

There is one part of the world where no vehicle can be made use of on account of the nature of the ground. In this country, which is the Landes, in France, the peasants, if they wish to get about expeditiously, or indeed at all, have recourse to stilts.

With their legs thus elongated, they are indifferent to almost every description of obstacle. Hedges, ditches, and especially the marshy ground which everywhere abounds, cannot obstruct the path of these giant wooden legs.

In Canada during the winter the trappers and farmers can only move about by means of their famous snow shoes.

In Scandinavia the people avail themselves of the same principle in getting over the thickly snow-clad ground; only instead of shoes they utilise skates. Not, of course, such skates as we are familiar with in this country, but made of long, single pieces of wood, which enable the wearer to glide swiftly over the treacherous ground without sinking, which would be the inevitable and disastrous result if an attempt were made to go about on foot.

Besides these, there are innumerable other modes of transit more or less peculiar to different countries.

For instance, there is the hamaxa of Greece, the araba of Turkey, the calesino of Italy, the droshky of Russia, and many others, which it would take too much space even to enumerate.

BYSTANDER: "Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries?"

Doctor: "Humph. Two of them are undoubtedly fatal, but as for the rest of them, time alone can tell."

DR. LAMBROSO, the Italian savant, having declared that "it is almost impossible to find a perfectly sincere woman," a leading woman's club has solemnly resolved that "it is as natural for the average man to lie as to eat." This correspondence must now cease.

"LOOK here, ma," said a young lady, just commencing to take lessons in painting, holding up a sample of her skill to her mother, "see my painting; can you tell me what this is?"

Ma, after looking at it some time, answered: "Well, I fancy it's a cow or a rosebud; but I don't know which."

I SAW a manly arm about her waist
Lips to my love's lips pressed.
Her soft, smooth cheek, in tender confidence,
Upon his shoulder rest.
His fingers to her spun-like tresses strayed,
Lifting the sheeny mass.
I was not jealous, for we stood alone
Before the glass.

LIEUTENANT (to his Orderly): "John, go to the restaurant and bring me a beefsteak with onions."

Orderly: "Lientenant, I take the liberty of reminding you that you are invited out to dinner to-day."

"Where have I been invited out to dinner?"

"You have been invited to dine with Mr. Holdfast."

"So I have to dine with the old miser. I must not go there unprepared. John, go to the restaurant and bring me two beefsteaks with onions."

A VISITOR was chatting with the little daughter of the family.

"What do you study at school?" he asked.

"Readin' an' writin' an' 'rithmetic an' spellin'."

"Well, well. What a bright little girl you are. And which study do you like best?"

"Spellin'."

"Indeed. Most children do not. Why do you like spelling?"

"'Cause every time I spell a word the teacher laughs."

A WILY GIRL.

A WEALTHY young lady, who shall be nameless, has made some curious experiments in human nature. She has been engaged five times, but is still free. Her suitors have always been prosperous young men, as she will not have any other wooers save those who can show signs of capability and worldly wealth.

But she has an ambition to be loved for herself alone, and puts all her intended husbands to the test in this wise:—She takes an opportunity of confiding to them, with injunctions of perfect secrecy, that her father has lost a great deal of money, and has been obliged to mortgage his dwelling-house and furniture.

The latter, however, she represents, is not mortgaged for more than half its worth; so she asks as a favour that her intended advance a sum of money on a second chattel mortgage.

The effect of this ruse, so far, has been that each young man has promised to advance the money, and afterwards has broken the promise, and acted in such a manner that the engagement is also broken.

ALL THE SAME.

A KNOWLEDGE of geography is evidently unnecessary in fitting Italian city officials for their duties. At least, even if it be important, it is not always to be found. I once posted a letter to a friend in Chicago in the Naples post-office, and found great difficulty in having it registered.

Finally, when that operation was completed, the official suddenly exclaimed:

"Where are the five seals?"

"What do you mean?" asked I.

"Registered letters must have five seals, in order to secure their safe transportation," was the reply. Then the Italian added, with a sudden thought, "Scusate, Signor. I see this goes to America. Letters to South America and Africa are allowed without sealing wax, since the melting of the wax spoils other postal matter."

I thanked him, but said that this letter was not for South America, but for the United States.

"It's all the same thing," he responded. "It has to pass the equator, anyway."

A FRENCHMAN politely defined a white lie to be 'talking round about de troof.'

PATIENT: "I've taken all the medicine you sent except this one bottle, and I don't seem to feel any better."

Dr. Doctor: "Yours must be an aggravated case. Farmer Acorn's cow was took down at the same time as you wuz, and I give her just the same medicine exactly, an' it cured her."

SIXTEEN CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident, or fatally injured thereby, should death result within one month after such injury, while a passenger on any Railway, Steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual; and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irrecoverable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.

£10 will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.

£5 will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg while engaged in playing Football, or while Cycling, provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred.

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance (other than Coupon) with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. O. ARTHUR PEARSON, Temple Chambers, London, E.C., within seven days of the accident.

Signature _____

(See column 3, page 299.)

Available from the morning of November 19th, 1892, till midnight, November 26th, 1892.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

Reversible Broom-Handle Basket. Mr. A. SNOWDEN, West Street, Havant, has provisionally protected a broom-handle basket which is a distinctly useful article. By means of screws the brush and handle can be firmly fixed to the socket, and when one side of the brush is worn it can be reversed. There is thus no possibility of the handle becoming loose, and each broom-head can be used for a much longer time.

Milking by Machinery. A SWEDISH machine for milking cows was exhibited at the recent Dairy Show in London. Four india-rubber pads are so arranged that when a wheel is turned by the operator—milkmaids no longer exist—the same motions are produced as when the cow is milked by hand. The milk passes straight through tubes into a pail, so that it is never touched by the hand at all. Such inventions as these are gradually displacing all our nice old-fashioned methods.

A Tram Car Improvement. A CONTRIVANCE which will materially lessen the strain upon the horses in setting a tram car in motion has been patented by Mr. J. F. Fide, of the Bombay Mint. It consists of a ratchet wheel fixed to the axle of the tram and worked by a lever. The inventor claims that it will diminish the strain of starting by fifty per cent. The life of a tram horse is proverbially short and hard, so that an appliance which will in any way minimise the wear and tear to which they are subjected should receive the best consideration of the tram companies. Unfortunately their prejudices are proverbially insuperable.

Enamelling Metal. Mr. WILLIAM EVANS, Rann Street, Sedgwood, Birmingham, the original inventor of the hydro-carbon process of enamelling all kinds of metal work, sends me some very excellent specimens of this art. By means of a specially made solution, a permanent coating of enamel may be fixed on to iron, brass, or any other metals. A handsome, durable surface is thus formed, which effectually prevents rust or corrosion, and can be easily cleaned. A speciality of the enamelling art has been made for cycles, and by this means much trouble and expense of cleaning and polishing is saved.

The Magic Music Pen. EVANSONS who has had to copy music must have sorrowfully pondered over the enormous labour and the unsatisfactory results which the use of the ordinary pen involves. To meet an evident need in this direction, Messrs. Berry and Co. have patented a "Rapid Note-head Music Printing Pen and Copier." The title is a bit unwieldy, but the article itself does not suffer in consequence. It consists of a pen and penholder, with two projecting tubes containing the open and closed music notes respectively. An ink-pad is also supplied, and the total cost of these requisites is only one shilling.

Something like lies of my childhood that, if you a Cat. It was one of the most cherished beliefs of my childhood that, if you stroked a cat the wrong way in the dark, sparks would fly out. I often tried the experiment, but with no success, as puss would invariably object in a practical manner. I can only regret that I did not possess the cat, called Michon, which is now to be seen in the neighbourhood of Monte Carlo. On cold dry nights this cat is a regular blaze of light. With every movement of its body thousands of bluish-white sparks shoot off in all directions, and there is a continuous crackling as if countless five-pound notes were being crushed together. Stroking the cat's back only increases this miniature pyrotechnic display, as its fur seems charged with an unlimited supply of electricity.

A Trick with Water. If a drop of water is let fall on a piece of paper, it spreads in a large circle. If, however, the paper has been oiled, or covered with lamp-black or some similar substance, the drop of water will roll upon it as a ball slightly flattened. This fact may be made use of for the performance of a pretty trick.

Take a band of rather strong paper about a foot wide and as long as possible—several sheets pasted together end to end will do admirably—pass it over a smoking lamp, or, better still, cover one side of it with graphite, commonly called black-lead, or plumbago. Stand upright on the table several books decreasing regularly in size, and pin the band of paper on their backs, taking care that the waves in the paper are longer and more shallow as you approach the smallest book.

At the lower end of the band place a dish. At the other end pour water drop by drop on the paper. The drops will roll rapidly down the first incline, and with the impetus thus gained will remount over the back of the second book, and so on over one book after another till they drop into the dish.

A New Shakespeare.

An edition of Shakespeare in words of one syllable is under contemplation for use in primary schools. It is so arranged that when the pen is dipped into the ink it strikes a ball of rubber, which prevents the pen from going too deep or taking too much ink. When the pen is withdrawn the ball immediately rises, closing the orifice and preventing evaporation. The ink, by this device, is always ready, and the trouble of corking and uncorking the bottle, or the nuisance of finding the ink in a gummy cake, is said to be avoided.

The Magic Seal Kicker.

FOOTBALL players will be interested in the particulars of a new boot, manufactured by Messrs. Wilkins and Co., Barbican, London, E.C. The sole and toe-cap are made of vulcanised rubber, so that slipping is absolutely prevented, and the ball will be more likely to go in the direction of the kick. Moreover, there is the additional advantage that a kick from a rubber shoe will not be so liable to damage one's person and temper.

Squeaking Sand. SINGING sands are found in many parts of the United States, but squeaking sands are not so common. There is only one place in the United States where the squeaking sand is found, and that is a small plain in South Colorado. The singing sands only emit a musical sound when dry, and lose this property on being dampened. The squeaking sand, on the other hand, is silent when dry, and squeaks loudest and best when moistened. The sound it gives forth is by no means loud, but somewhat resembles the squeaking of an arm-chair. It sounds when rubbed between the fingers, or when placed in a small bag and violently struck, but the cause of the sound is a mystery.

A Curious Combination.

THERE must have been some demand for M. von Hoevel and Co.'s lamp walking-stick, otherwise I should be at a loss to understand why such a strange, double-natured curiosity had ever been manufactured. A lamp in its place is useful, and so is a walking-stick, but the combination article strikes one as being nothing but eccentric. Inside the handle is a wick, connected with a small reservoir of oil extending into the stem of the stick. By pressing a little spring, and setting in motion a simple piece of mechanism, the top of the handle opens, a match is struck, and the lamp is lighted. Ten shillings is the price of the stick-lamp, all complete, and the address of the manufacturer is East India Avenue, London, E.C.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

MR. SWINBURNE strongly objects to smoking. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT is an enthusiastic amateur gardener.

MISS KATE VAUGHAN is, in Mr. George Gros-Smith's opinion, the best waltzer in London.

MR. DU MAURIER, the famous PUNCH cartoonist, is a brilliant musician, with a fine tenor voice.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone was in Naples, an iron-grey hair from his head was sold by an enterprising press correspondent to an Italian deputy of high position for five francs.

WILLIAM BRACE, ex-champion sculler, says that it takes him five or six weeks to properly train for a race. During that time he rows twice over the course, and walks twenty miles every day. He rises at seven, and goes to bed at nine, drinking no intoxicants in the evening. He believes in taking exercise and food with absolute regularity.

THE Queen of Madagascar is one of the most popular rulers that her people have ever had. She is young and handsome, though the unfortunate death of her husband before she came to the throne has given her a mournful expression of countenance which not even an auspicious marriage with the Prime Minister of the island has been able to effectually remove. She is a small, slender woman, active, and full of sympathy. All her dresses are made in Paris, and she usually wears red coral bracelets and necklaces (red coral is the national jewel).

HERR JOACHIM, the famous violinist, was only five years old when his parents bought him a violin. It was really only a cheap toy, but he managed to play it in a way which fairly astonished them. At the age of eight he appeared for the first time as a violin soloist before the public, and received a most enthusiastic reception. Four years later he came to England for the first time and played in the presence of her Majesty. During this stay he became acquainted with Mendelssohn, who took the warmest interest in him, and until his death was one of his best friends.

MR. COCKLE, the well-known pill maker, composes operas.

THE King of Greece is the best tennis-player among the Royalties.

MR. EDWARD TERRY has made over £40,000 from "Sweet Lavender."

THE poet Swinburne's autograph might have been written by a schoolboy.

ELLEN TERRY has a weakness for cats. She has a great number, and trains them to perform all sorts of amusing tricks.

EDWARD TERRY has two favourite flowers—the violet and the primrose. Mrs. Kandal prefers lilies of the valley, and Mrs. Bernard Beere is said to favour roses.

AMONG enthusiastic tricycle riders is to be counted Miss Mabel Besant, the sister of the novelist. She thinks nothing of taking a "spin" of thirty or forty miles.

THE lady who holds the highest and best-paid post in the Civil Service is Miss Greenwell. She is at Gibraltar. She was appointed superintendent of the telegraph-offices there fourteen years ago, and for the last five years has been head of the Post-Office, with oversight of the branches on the African coast. Her salary is £700 a year.

THE record for change of scene and occupation is held by Mr. T. E. Ellis, the Welsh M.P. This is how he spent three consecutive days a short time back. On the first he attended the funeral of Renan in Paris; next day he was in London transacting his official Parliamentary work; on the third he might have been seen in his shirt-sleeves, at Cynlas, near Bala, assisting in the harvest field.

CLOSE to Miss Terry's house at Winchelsea is one of the sights of the town, known as The Friars. On a recent occasion the fair actress wrote to the proprietor, asking his permission to come, with some friends who were down for the day, to see the place. The reply was curt:—"You can come on the day of the week when it is open to the general public." Thereat the actress was much chagrined.

MADAME CARNOT, wife of the President of France, is the antithesis in physical and mental attractiveness of the preceding mistress of the Elysée, Madame Grévy, for, whereas the latter was a plain and practical old lady, devoid of the graces which the French demand in women in official station, Madame Carnot is as charming as she is clever. She is also one of the best-dressed women in Paris, and although she is deaf and wears eye glasses she fascinates.

MADAME FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, the second wife of France's "Grand Old Man," is just four decades younger than her illustrious husband, and is described as a lively and vivacious matron, in whose veins runs a mixture of English and Creole blood. She made her future husband's acquaintance at a country home where he was visiting, and where she was engaged as a governess, and the great engineer declares that to her encouraging letters, posted to him weekly while he was engaged in fighting the sand, the world owes the Suez Canal.

MR. THADDEUS, the famous portrait-painter, gives an interesting description of the way in which he succeeded in obtaining such a splendid likeness of Mr. Gladstone, with perhaps a too delightfully angelic expression on the venerable statesman's countenance.

In the artist's studio was a finished portrait of a young lady of extraordinary beauty. It stood in a prominent position in the room in full view of Mr. Gladstone during his sittings. Mr. Thaddeus soon noticed that the G.O.M.'s eyes were continually straying towards the picture of the lovely girl, and that his face would then beam all over with pleasure, betokening his admiration for the fair unknown. It is this expression which the artist has so happily portrayed in his famous picture.

ONE of the most interesting stories of difficulties encountered and overcome by manful struggle is that of the once member for Sunderland, Mr. W. S. Lindsay, the well-known shipowner. At the age of fourteen he was left an orphan boy, to push his way in the world. He left Glasgow for Liverpool with only four shillings and sixpence in his pocket; and so poor was he that the captain of the steamer had pity on him, and told him that he would give him his passage if he would trim the coal in the coalhole.

Accordingly, he did so, and thus worked his passage. The fireman gave him part of his homely dinner. "Never," he said, on one occasion, referring to this circumstance, "never did I eat a dinner with such relish, for I felt that I had worked for it and earned it." At Liverpool he remained for seven weeks before he could get employment; he abode in sheds, and his four-and-sixpence maintained him until, at last, he found shelter in a West India vessel. He entered as a boy, and before he was nineteen he had risen to the command of an Indiaman. At twenty-three he retired from the sea and settled on shore. His career had been rapid, he had acquired prosperity by close industry, by constant work, and by keeping ever in view the great principles of doing to others as you would be done by.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. LXIV.

MR. THOMAS TILLING,
THE BIGGEST JOB-MASTER ON EARTH.

It is a remarkable fact that all the successful cab businesses in London have been started by private individuals, most of whom have risen from the ranks. A few years ago, a number of cab companies were promoted, chiefly as speculations on the part of the nobility and gentry. But none of these companies ever made much headway. Nor can we be surprised, for the management of horses and drivers and the many ins and outs of the cab trade can only be thoroughly understood by practical experience and successfully carried out by the strictest personal attention.

Mr. Thomas Tilling, the originator of the business which has now spread all over London and is well known throughout the provinces, is a farmer's son. As a child he displayed an extraordinary liking for horses, and one of his earliest delights was to drive his father's team into London.

Before he was twenty he left his home for the busy metropolis, and with the little money he had saved he bought a horse and an old-fashioned fly. The horse was a grey, a colour for which Mr. Tilling had and still has a special affection. Tilling's greys have achieved an almost world-wide reputation.

In a very short time he became the possessor of five horses. Then a singular piece of misfortune happened to him. All his horses died. In no way daunted he began all over again, and his lucky star has since been in the ascendant.

From a single horse and an old-fashioned fly to a modest little business in Walworth was one step in the steady onward progress of what is now one of the largest hawking establishments in the world.

After leaving Walworth, Mr. Tilling made Peckham his headquarters, and from Peckham the management of the more important business connected with the thirty branch establishments which have since been opened by Mr. Tilling in and about London is still directed.

The fact that Mr. Tilling will supply any sort of carriage from a pony trap to a coach, or from an omnibus to a wedding carriage, and any kind of horse (with the solitary exception of the race horse), from the powerful animal which drags the brewer's dray to the finest-mettled steed that ever stepped in Hyde Park, will give some indication of the varied nature of this work.

It was at the commodious offices at Peckham that I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Tilling's two sons, Messrs. Richard and Edward Tilling, to whom the immediate personal management of the business is entrusted, although Mr. Tilling, son, still exercises a general supervision over all.

It was from Mr. R. Tilling, a pleasant, business-like man of short stature and comfortable proportions, that I obtained the chief part of my information.

"How long have your buses been running, Mr. Tilling?" I asked.

"It was in the year before the Great Exhibition that my father started a bus, which ran from Peckham to Oxford Street and back. In those days the fare was eightpence, and there was a short adjournment at Camberwell Green for lunch. The conductor received 14s. a week and was expected to supply aprons and wash the bus. As all the money passed through his hands and there was no system of checking the receipts, the employers were compelled to pay the conductors on the principle that the more they have the more they take.

"My father was the pioneer of the theory, which is put into practice everywhere now, that the passenger should come to the bus and not the bus to the passenger. Before then, the rich man would send his footman down to the place from which the bus was supposed to start and the bus would then go and fetch this man; probably after that journey there would be another footman waiting on a similar errand. So the game went on and the bus did not arrive in the City till late in the day.

"I might perhaps mention that the first London bus ran from the Bank to the Yorkshire Stingo, Marylebone Road; this was in 1829. It carried twenty-two people, all inside. The fare was one shilling, and periodicals were supplied. We should be very glad to provide papers, and we might even throw in some light refreshments, if that price were still maintained."

Mr. Tilling's buses run throughout the greater part of London, and carry on an average 24,000 passengers a day. During the great bus strike in the early part of last year, Mr. Tilling's were the only "ticket" buses to be seen in the streets. And here it may be explained that the real cause of that strike was not the long hours, but the system of check ticket which was then to be introduced for the first time by the big bus proprietors and companies.

On the appointed morning, when the strike against this ticket system was elsewhere universal, Mr. Tilling's drivers and conductors turned up to a man, showing in a marked degree the confidence which they placed in him, and the good feeling which has always existed between master and workman in this firm.

One of the rooms at the Peckham offices is turned into

a portrait gallery of those who have been under Mr. Tilling for more than twenty years, and an imposing array of photographs it is. Many of them are well-known characters, one in particular having driven on the same road for the last forty years. Another, now dead, was always called "Napoleon," from his likeness, which is quite striking, to that famous Emperor.

"A great many articles are left behind in your buses and cabs, I suppose? What happens to them all?"

"They are taken by the men to Scotland Yard, and if not claimed they reap the benefit. If they are claimed the cabman gets a certain proportion of their value. The other day a bundle of cheques, worth £4,000 altogether, was found on one of the buses. The driver and conductor were in great glee. They obtained permission from me to take them up to the police authorities, fully expecting to get some hundred pounds reward. But they were unfortunately doomed to disappointment, as no compensation is given for cheques."

"How do you engage the drivers for your four-wheelers and hansoms?"

"Every morning they apply at one of our yards for the hire of a cab for the day. We do not of course let them to men unless we know something about them. They must also have a driver's certificate from Scotland Yard, which ensures their being capable drivers with a thorough knowledge of London geography. Each man has his own particular cab, which he always takes, and to each cab there are two horses which divide the day's work between them.

"The cabmen of to-day are far superior to what they once were, and with very few exceptions treat their horses humanely. The price they pay varies according to the season of the year. In the slack time, namely from September till Christmas, the price will be from 10s. a day upwards, according to the yard. In the busiest season, from May till July, when Parliament is sitting, it will be 16s. or 17s.

"Of course, a cabman can experience a good deal of bad and good luck in his day's work. If a man cannot pay the full hire of his cab, and we believe him to be honest, we are quite willing to accept less and still employ him."

"Where do you get your horses from?"

"From all parts of England and Ireland now, though we used to buy a good many high-class German horses. They are, perhaps, nicer-looking, but they have not the stamina of the English-bred ones. We have naturally to think of strength as well as style, for most of the work is pretty hard.

"We buy all our horses young, and train them ourselves. They are taken in hand by experienced men, who break them in, and teach them to pull up sharply, to back, and twist, and turn. This is a very important part of our work, as we have altogether over 2,500 horses ready for immediate use.

"Besides the supply needed for our own vehicles, we horse the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, the whole of the Salvage Corps, and part of the Metropolitan Police, besides some brewery firms and vestries. We have a horse hospital here, resident veterinarians, and sick nurses. All the horses that are unwell are brought to this hospital, where they get every care and attention."

"How long will the horses stand the wear and tear?"

"Perhaps four or five years on the average, but it depends very much on the nature of the work. Those on contract work will be worn out in less time than that, as they are not driven by our own men, but by those whose sole object is to get as much work as possible out of the horse in a given time. When they are of no further use to us they are sold at the repositories. Many are bought by men in a smaller way of business, and others find their way into the country, where they are soon freshened up again by the farmers."

While Mr. Tilling still has use for a horse, he will not sell it in the way of business, on principle, even though by so doing he would make a good profit, and he has doubtless good reason for this somewhat anomalous practice.

The forage bill for this vast army of horses is over £1,100 a week. Four thousand sacks of food ready mixed, representing 320,000 lbs. weight, is consumed in this space of time. Mr. Tilling has just built a splendid new granary at a cost of £10,000.

One branch of the business is entirely devoted to carriage-building and harness-making, everything in this line, with the exception of the omnibuses, being made there.

"Don't you think, Mr. Tilling, that both four-wheelers and buses might be made considerably lighter and less clumsy?"

"With regard to the four-wheeler, I would certainly say 'Yes,' in fact we are just having some new ones built which will be a good deal lighter and more comfortable. They are costing us £65 each. Omnibuses, on the other hand, cannot, I think, be altered for the better.

"You see, they must be made as narrow as possible, and they must be constructed so that they will turn easily and in little space. They must also be fairly heavy in the framework, or, as happened in that bus accident a few weeks ago, they will become top-heavy, and easily overturned when there are many passengers on the top. The newest buses, in fact, are heavier. They weigh about 30 cwt., some 5 or 6 cwt. more than the older patterns."

"I suppose that the four-wheeler will soon become extinct?"

"Not yet awhile. They are still used a great deal in

the suburbs, though the cheap omnibus traffic has broken the back of the cab trade generally. The Underground Railway has not had such an effect upon it as you might be led to suppose."

The supply of horses and carriages for weddings forms a special feature of Mr. Tilling's business. Many hundreds of weddings are provided for every year.

At the Jubilee procession Mr. Tilling supplied forty-four four-in-hands for one order, and he often sends out as many as twenty or thirty on a Saturday afternoon for banquets, or with football teams and parties.

At the International Fireman's Exhibition at Havre, the Aldembot team harnessed by Mr. Tilling won easily. The Frenchmen never had a chance.

Mr. Tilling tells me that some of his best trained horses have frequently appeared upon the stage. At the Princess's, in the "Still Alarm," two of them were represented on the programme as being highly-trained American mustangs. On another occasion one of his horses, with Robin Hood on its back, disappeared gracefully through a trap-door and two floors beneath without serious damage to horse or rider, and to the intense amusement of the audience.

If everybody improved the minutes with the zest that a hen puts into her work while making a surreptitious five minutes' call in a flower garden, what a world this would be.

PAT: "Sure, toime was invented in Ireland."

Jeweller: "Why do you think so?"

PAT: "Begorra, d'yez be after thinkin' its name would be 'o'clock' if it didn't come from the owld sod?"

JUDGE: "Had you not acted with promptness, the four burglars would have escaped. This shows the importance of taking time by the forelock."

Detective: "You have made a slight mistake. The burglars were attempting to break into the time-lock safe, and we took the four by the time-lock, and not by the fore-lock, your lordship."

FORMER EMPLOYER: "And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson?"

Thompson: "Yes, sir, I'm the editor of the job department."

Former Employer: "Editor of the job department?"

Thompson: "Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and washes down the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir."

MISS MYRA KEMBLE, an actress who has appeared in London, fell a victim to a clumsy billposter at Dunedin, Australia, a short time ago. The man of the paste pot half covered one of Miss Kemble's placards with a cheap clothier's advertisement, so that the townspeople had the pleasure of reading:—

"COME AND SEE
MYRA KEMBLE IN
BLANK'S 8s. 6d. TROUSERS
A PERFECT FIT."

COUPON TICKET

£1,000 specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION, LIMITED,

MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger
trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and
Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 & 8.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available until Midnight, Nov. 26th, 1892.
(See columns 2, page 295.)

SMART CONJURING.

A CORPORAL and two privates, having in their custody a deserter, were resting themselves at a country tavern not long ago. The deserter amused his guardians with several entertaining sleight-of-hand tricks, but, being encumbered with bandages, complained that he could not display his skill to advantage, and requested to have his hands at liberty whilst he exhibited a trick which he described.

This being agreed to, he proceeded to tie the hands of the three soldiers and his own together with a handkerchief, and he was to loose the four with one motion simultaneously. The magic knots were tied, but they all remained firm except the one which held the deserter.

This came asunder with a touch, when he lifted up the man and darted through the window, leaving his keepers raging at each other like ill-coupled hounds.

The deserter got clean away.

WHEN SERVANTS WERE BEATEN.

In that remarkably minute chronicle of domestic life in England in the time of Henry VIII., Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," the learned and pious author takes it for granted that the only way of dealing with maid servants was to thrash them unmercifully.

He tells us in his inimitable doggerel that "slut slothful must whine," and that "a maid must be forced to be cleanly," or she is to be "made to cry creak." Mistresses are to "go about with a holly wand in their hand, although they may not always have occasion to use it, and to pay home when they fight, but not to be always shiding."

As regards the laundry, the domestic serfs are warned "to take heed when they wash, or ruin the lash, and to wash well, wring well, and beat well, so that if any lack beating it will be themselves."

As for the unhappy Cicely, the dairymaid, she is to cry creak—that is, to be thrashed—if her cheese is "hoven" or puffed up, and if the cheese be tough Cicely is to have a "crash." If the cheese be spotted, Cicely is to be amended by the bayes, and if it be too full of whey the wretched dairymaid is to have a dressing. Finally, if any maggots are found in the cheese "mistress is to be at Cicely by-and-by."

CUPID IN A HOSPITAL WARD.

THERE was a young person possessed of a pretty face, a kind heart, and an all-absorbing desire to do something to assist her fellow-beings. After some eloquent persuasion she obtained the consent of her family to enter a hospital to study for the work of a trained nurse.

It was with some misgivings that they permitted the experiment, for they were not consumed with the same zeal to benefit mankind.

Among the pretty enthusiast's first patients was a young man with a broken arm and a somewhat disturbed temper. The demure nurse waited upon him kindly and soothingly, and, with sundry homesick remembrances of her own brothers to prompt her, asked him one day if there was nothing she could do for him—no book she could read, no letters she could write.

The patient gratefully accepted the latter offer, and the nurse prepared to write from his dictation.

He began with a tender address to his "dearest love," and the little nurse felt slightly embarrassed; but she reflected that it was probably more trying for him to write his love letters by proxy than it was for her to hear him.

So she continued through the most ardent declaration of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adoring lover for all time. Then she folded the letter and slipped it into its envelope.

"To whom shall I direct it?" she asked.

The wicked young man said amiably, and even tenderly:

"What is your name, please?"

£100 INSURANCE.

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomever the proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed

Available until midnight, November 26th, 1892.

CURIOSITIES OF SHAVING.

A VOLUME might be written on the curiosities of shaving. Particularly interesting would be an historical inquiry into the origin of the custom of shaving the head.

It was not until the fifth century that in Europe priests began to shave their crowns. The Roman clergy then adopted the circular method, and shaved that small round spot on the top of the head which is known as the tonsure.

In Scotland, however, the monks shaved the whole of the fore part of the head from ear to ear. In the Andaman Islands every man shaves his head, or rather, gets his wife to shave it for him.

Many other Orientals also get bald-headed. The English used to do so in the last century, and by a strange piece of contrariness wore artificial wigs to cover their baldness.

As for the Chinaman, his method of shaving is exactly opposed to that of the Roman monk. He shaves all but a round patch, the hair of which grows long, and forms the pig-tail.

When the difficulty of shaving the head is borne in mind, the true strangeness of the custom becomes doubly apparent. It is hard to see the advantage of it, yet in one form or another, and at one time or other, it has been practised in nearly every country.

APPALLING FIGURES.

MRS. MCSWAT: "Billiger, how often do you get shaved?"

Mr. MCSWAT: "About four times a week, on an average."

"How much time does it usually require?"

"About half an hour."

"Half an hour four times a week, four and one-third days in a year, and nearly a month and a half in ten years. Think of it, Billiger. If you would let your beard grow, you would save time enough in ten years—"

"But look here, Lobelia. Great Scott! I don't want to let it grow. Did you ever see me with one?"

"No, but—"

"Well, let it be the cause of the most heartfelt joy and gratitude you ever experienced, Lobelia, that you never did. With a full beard, madam, I look like a cocoa-nut in a fit of delirium tremens. I tried it once, years ago. Dogs barked at me in the street, children fled from me in terror, footpads who caught a glimpse of me by moonlight or the pale, flickering rays of a street lamp, dropped their cudgels and slunk tremblingly up the alleys, and I was offered £10 a week, and all expenses, by a showman for a year's engagement. My portrait was hawked all over the country as the most hideous—"

"I don't believe any of that stuff, Billiger, and I'm sure—"

"Don't interrupt me, madam. My beard grows straight out, up, down, sideways, every bristle for itself, like the spines on the fretful chestnut, and it grows in every shade and colour, from brindle to vermilion, and back again. If you could see me once with a hedge all over my face you would—"

"But think of the time you lose in—"

"The time I lose. Look here. How often do you do up your hair?"

"Every day of my life, of course; but that's different."

"That's different, is it, eh? How long does it take you to do it up?"

"I think you're—"

"You needn't answer. I know how long it takes. I've seen you do it often enough. It takes you half an hour every blessed day of your life to look after your frizzes, if that's what you call them. Think of it. Half an hour a day, three hours and a half a week, nearly eight days in a year, a whole year in forty-eight years, and over two years in a century. Lobelia, you'd better go and look after the baby."

A NEGRO baby was recently christened by the name of Shadrach Meshach Abednego Hebrew Chilen De Fiery Furnace Juniper Busby.

"KEEN scheme that of Harlow's," said Kicks; "took his boy to church last Sunday—pinched him just before the collection, and boy cried, so Harlow had to take him out. Raved his money."

AN eminent Greek scholar says that "there does not exist a graduate of an English college who can properly affix the accents to a page of printed Greek." This is undoubtedly a lamentable state of affairs, but just think how much they know of cricket and football, rowing and boxing.

ONE day, recently, a publican in Glasgow was endeavouring to remove from his spacious bar one of his customers, who had partaken not wisely but too well, and, as a consequence, got helplessly incapable. Noticing a shoemaker passing his door, he called to him to give him a little assistance, but the "man of leather" very sharply replied: "Na, na, my man, when I feenish a job, I aye pit it in my window to show my work, so ye can jist see the same."

DAIRY FARMING IN BRITAIN.

THE rapid progress that dairy farming has been making in Britain of late years is simply extraordinary. Nowadays, when the agricultural outlook is about as gloomy and depressed as it is possible for it to be, it will be noticed that farmers are gradually re-converting their arable land to pasture: they find it pays.

At the present day there are nearly 3,500,000 milch cows in the British Isles; and the average cow being responsible for 400 gallons during the course of a year, altogether some 1,400 million gallons are produced in the United Kingdom annually. Of this 400 millions are used in the production of butter and cheese, another 400 in fattening calves, etc., while the remaining 600 millions are consumed at the table.

According to the latest estimates, it takes two and a half gallons of milk to make one pound of butter, and to produce an equal weight of cheese requires one gallon, which means that over 110,000 tons of butter and cheese are turned out every twelve months.

However, as every inhabitant consumes on an average 19 lbs., a further quantity of twice as much again has to be imported, about half of which consists of margarine.

The average amount of milk used annually by each inhabitant of the British Isles amounts to sixteen gallons, but the consumption in London is only six gallons per head. This fact speaks for itself.

In conclusion, it is interesting to compare the approximate amount of dairy produce with the two other principal items of food consumed in the United Kingdom—namely, meat and liquor.

No less than £61,000,000 sterling is annually expended on dairy produce and poultry, £79,000,000 in liquor, and lastly, the nice little sum of £87,000,000 on meat. Happy butchers!

NEARLY IN THE WRONG BOAT.

BEFORE the advent of the railway system on the Continent, the life of the Queen's messenger was one of real adventure, and many are the tales of hardship and peril which have been told of the journeys in those days.

Once, at a period when Great Britain was on the verge of a war with a great Continental power, the Queen's messenger was entrusted with despatches of the highest importance, and was instructed to make the best of his way via Athens to Constantinople in order to deliver them to the British Ambassador in the latter city.

The route chosen was by Marseilles, and then by sea to Athens, where the messenger was told an English man-of-war would be on the look out, and convey him on to Constantinople.

The messenger embarked in due time at Marseilles on board a vessel bound for Athens, and after a prosperous voyage was approaching his destination.

When, however, the vessel was just rounding the point of land some little distance before the harbour of the Piræus, a man-of-war's boat, manned by sailors in the British uniform, and flying the British flag, was seen rowing round the opposite point, and signalling the incoming vessel.

The Queen's messenger, accordingly requested the captain to heave to, in order that he might be put on board the boat sent for him. The captain at first demurred, saying that it was an inconvenient spot to stop in, that the British man-of-war must be in the harbour of the Piræus, and that the messenger could more easily go on board of her there.

Ultimately, however, at the messenger's renewed request, he was about to bring to, when, from the opposite direction, was seen coming from the harbour a second British man-of-war's boat, rowing toward them at full speed, and signalling violently. Immediately this second boat came into view, the first boat turned round, and rowing quickly round the opposite point, disappeared from sight.

The second boat, on nearing the vessel, was found to be in command of a British naval officer, and the Queen's messenger was soon safely deposited on board the British man-of-war in the harbour.

Subsequent investigation is said to have made it evident that an attempt had been made to kidnap the messenger with his important dispatches by means of a boat got up under false colours.

SEARCH LIGHT.

3d. PEARSON'S MONTHLY. 3d.

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

THE November number of this popular magazine is still on sale. With this number is commenced the presentation of a series of beautiful coloured plates, equal in execution to those presented once a year to their readers by other publications.

The editor of *Search Light* has arranged for the issue of one of these plates with every number of his magazine for the next twelve months.

It will be impossible to reprint the first plate, which is entitled "A Full Dress Rehearsal," so readers who wish to secure copies of the magazine containing it should not fail to do so at once.

FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE.

Published by arrangement with Messrs. Richard Bentley and Sons.

CHAPTER LV.—(continued).

BLUNT smoked three pipes, and then altered the course of the "Pretty Mary" two points to the eastward, and ran for the coast. It was possible that the man for whom he was searching had not been retaken, and was now awaiting his arrival. It was clearly his duty—bearing of the planned escape having been actually attempted—not to give up the expedition while hope remained.

"I'll take one more look along," said he to himself. The "Pretty Mary," hugging the coast as closely as she dared, crawled in the thin breeze all day, and saw nothing. It would be madness to land at Cape Surville, for the whole station would be on the alert; so Blunt, as night was falling, stood off a little across the mouth of Pirates' Bay.

He was walking the deck, groaning at the folly of the expedition, when a strange appearance on the southern horn of the bay made him come to a sudden halt. There was a furnace blazing in the bowels of the mountain! Blunt rubbed his eyes and stared. He looked at the man at the helm.

"Do you see anything yonder, Jim?"

Jim—a Sydney man, who had never been round that coast before—briefly remarked, "Lighthouse."

Blunt stumped into the cabin and got out his charts. No lighthouse was laid down there, only a mark like an anchor, and a note, "Remarkable Hole at this Point." A remarkable hole indeed; a remarkable "lime kiln" would have been more to the purpose!

Blunt called up his mate, William Staples, a fellow whom Sarah Purloy's gold had bought body and soul. William Staples looked at the waxing and waning glow for a while, and then said, in tones trembling with greed, "It's a fire. Lie to, and lower away the jolly-boat. Old man, that's our bird for a thousand pounds!"

The "Pretty Mary" shortened sail, and Blunt and Staples got into the jolly-boat.

"Goin' a hoysterin', sir?" said one of the crew, with a grin, as Blunt threw a bundle into the stern sheets.

Staples thrust his tongue into his cheek. The object of the voyage was now pretty well understood among the carefully-picked crew. Blunt had not chosen men who were likely to betray him, though, for that matter, Rex had suggested a precaution which rendered betrayal almost impossible.

"What's in the bundle, old man?" asked Will Staples, after they had got clear of the ship.

"Clothes," returned Blunt. "We can't bring him off, if it is him, in his canaries. He puts on these duds, d'ye see, sinks her Majesty's livery, and comes aboard, a shipwrecked mariner."

"That's well thought of. Whose notion's that? The madam's, I'll be bound."

"Ay."

"She's a knowing one."

And the sinister laughter of the pair floated across the violet water.

"Go easy, ma," said Blunt, as they neared the shore. "They're all avarice at Eaglehawk; and if those dogs give tongue, there'll be a boat out in a twinkling. It's lucky the wind's off shore."

Staples lay on his oar and listened. The night was moonless, and the ship had already disappeared from view. They were approaching the promontory from the south-east, and the isthmus of the guarded Neck was hidden by the outlying cliff. In the south-western angle of this cliff, about midway between the summit and the sea, was an arch, which vomited a red and flickering light, that faintly shone upon the sea in the track of the boat.

The light was lambent and uncertain, now sinking almost into insignificance, and now leaping up with a fierceness that caused a deep glow to throb in the very heart of the mountain. Sometimes a black figure would pass across this gigantic furnace-mouth, stooping and rising, as though feeding the fire. One might have imagined that a door in Vulcan's Smithy had been left inadvertently open, and that the old hero was forging arms for a demigod.

Blunt turned pale. "It's no mortal," he whispered. "Let's go back."

"And what will madam say?" returned dare-devil Will Staples, who would have played into Mount Erebus had he been paid for it. Thus appealed to in the name of his ruling passion, Blunt turned his head, and the boat sped onward.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE WORK OF THE SEA.

THE lift of the water-spout had saved John Rex's life. At the moment when it struck him he was on his hands and knees at the entrance of the cavern. The wave, gushing upwards, at the same time expanded laterally, and this lateral force drove the convict into the mouth of the subterranean passage. The passage trended downwards, and for some seconds he was rolled over and over, the rush of water wedging him at length into a crevice between two enormous stones, which overhung a still more formidable abyss.

Fortunately for the preservation of his hard-fought-for life, this very fury of incoming water prevented him from being washed out again with the recoil of the wave. He could hear the water dashing with frightful echoes far down into the depths beyond him, but it was evident that the two stones against which he had been thrust acted as breakwaters to the torrent which poured in from the outside,

and repelled the main body of the stream in the fashion he had observed, from his position on the ledge.

In a few seconds the cavern was empty. Painfully extricating himself, and feeling as yet doubtful of his safety, John Rex essayed to climb the twin blocks that barred the unknown depths below him. The first movement he made caused him to shriek aloud. His left arm—with which he clung to the rope—hung powerless. Ground against the ragged entrance, it was momentarily paralysed.

For an instant the unfortunate wretch sank despairingly on the wet and rugged floor of the cave; then a terrible gurgling beneath his feet warned him of the approaching torrent, and collecting all his energies, he scrambled up the incline. Though high fainting with pain and exhaustion, he pressed desperately higher and higher.

He heard the hideous shriek of the whirlpool which was beneath him grow louder and louder. He saw the darkness grow darker as the rising water-spout covered the mouth of the cave. He felt the salt spray sting his face, and the wrathful tide lick the hand that hung over the shelf on which he fell. But that was all.

He was out of danger at last! And as the thought blessed his senses, his eyes closed, and the wonderful courage and strength which had sustained the villain so long exhaled in stupor.

When he awoke the cavern was filled with the soft light of dawn. Raising his eyes, he beheld, high above his head, a roof of rock, on which the reflection of the sunbeams, playing upwards through a pool of water, cast flickering colours. On his right hand was the mouth of the cave, on his left a terrific abyss, at the bottom of which he could hear the sea faintly lapping and washing.

He raised himself and stretched his stiffened limbs. Despite his injured shoulder, it was imperative that he should bestir himself. He knew not if his escape had been noticed, or if the cavern had another inlet, by which McNab returning might penetrate. Moreover, he was wet and famished. To preserve the life which he had torn from the sea, he must have fire and food.

First he examined the crevice by which he had entered. It was shaped like an irregular triangle, hollowed at the base by the action of the water which in such storms as that of the preceding night was forced into it by the rising of the sea.

John Rex dared not crawl too near the edge, lest he should slide out of the damp and slippery orifice, and be dashed upon the rocks at the bottom of the Blow-hole. Craning his neck, he could see, a hundred feet below him, the silently frothing water, gurgling, spouting, and screaming, in huge turbid eddies, occasionally leaping upwards as though it longed for another storm to send it raging up to the man who had escaped its fury. It was impossible to get down that way.

He turned back into the cavern, and began to explore in that direction.

The twin rocks against which he had been hurled were, in fact, pillars which supported the roof of the water-drive. Beyond them lay a great grey shadow which was emptiness, faintly illumined by the sea light cast up through the bottom of the gulf. Midway across the grey shadow fell a strange beam of dusky brilliance, which cast its flickering light upon a wilderness of waving sea-weeds.

Even in the desperate position in which he found himself, there survived in the vagabond's nature sufficient poetry to make him value the natural marvel upon which he had so strangely stumbled. The immense promontory, which, viewed from the outside, seemed as solid as a mountain, was in reality but a hollow cone, rift and split into a thousand fissures by the unsuspected action of the sea for centuries. The Blow-hole was but an insignificant cranny compared with this enormous chasm.

Descending with difficulty the steep incline, he found himself on the brink of a gallery of rock, which, jutting out over the pool, bore on its moist and weed-bearded edges signs of frequent submersion. It must be low tide without the rock. Clinging to the rough and root-like alga that fringed the ever-moist walls, John Rex crept round the projection of the gallery, and passed at once from darkness to daylight.

There was a broad loop-hole in the side of the honey-combed and wave-perforated cliff. The cloudless heaven expanded above him; a fresh breeze kissed his cheek, and, sixty feet below him, the sea wrinkled all its lazy length, sparkling in myriad wavelets beneath the bright beams of morning. Not a sign of the recent tempest marred the exquisite harmony of the picture. Not a sign of human life gave evidence of the grim neighbourhood of the prison. From the recess out of which he peered nothing was visible but a sky of turquoise smiling upon a sea of sapphire.

This placidity of Nature was, however, to the hunted convict a new source of alarm. It was a reason why the Blow-hole and its neighbourhood should be thoroughly searched.

He guessed that the favourable weather would be an additional inducement to McNab and Burgess to satisfy themselves as to the fate of their late prisoner. He turned from the opening, and prepared to descend still further into the rocky pathway. The sunshine had revived and cheered him, and a sort of instinct told him that the cliff so honey-combed above, could not be without some gully or chink at its base, which at low tide would give an exit upon the rocky shore.

It grew darker as he descended, and twice he almost turned back in dread of the gulfs on either side of him. It seemed to him, also, that the gullet of weed-clad rock through which he was crawling doubled upon itself, and led only into the bowels of the mountain. Gnawed by hunger, and conscious that in a few hours at most the rising tide would fill the subterranean passage and cut off his retreat, he pushed desperately onwards.

He had descended some ninety feet, and had lost, in the devious windings of his downward path, all but the reflec-

tion of the light from the gallery, when he was rewarded by a glimpse of sunshine striking upwards. He parted two enormous masses of seaweed, whose bubble-headed fronds hung curtainwise across his path, and found himself in the very middle of the narrow cleft of rock through which the sea was driven to the Blow-hole.

At an immense distance above him was the arch of cliff. Beyond that arch appeared a segment of the ragged edge of the circular opening, down which he had fallen. He looked in vain for the funnel-mouth whose friendly shelter had received him. It was now indistinguishable. At his feet was a long reef in the solid rock, so narrow that he could almost have leapt across it. This reef was the channel of a swift black current which ran from the sea for fifty yards under an arch eight feet high, until it broke upon the jagged rocks that lay blistering in the sunshine at the bottom of the circular opening in the upper cliff.

A shudder shook the limbs of the adventurous convict. He comprehended that at high tide the place where he stood was under water, and that the narrow cavern became a subaqueous pipe of solid rock forty feet long, through which were spouted the league-long rollers of the Southern Sea.

The narrow strip of rock at the base of the cliff was as flat as a table. Here and there were enormous hollows like pans, which the retreating tide had left full of clear, still water. The crannies of the rock were inhabited by small white crabs, and John Rex found to his delight that there was on this little shelf abundance of mussels, which, though lean and acrid, were sufficiently grateful to his famished stomach. Attached to the flat surfaces of the numerous stones, moreover, were coarse limpets.

These, however, John Rex found too salt to be palatable, and was compelled to reject them. A larger variety, however, having a succulent body as thick as a man's thumb, contained in long razor-shaped shells, were in some degree free from this objection, and he soon collected the materials for a meal. Having eaten and sunned himself, he began to examine the enormous rock, to the base of which he had so strangely penetrated. Rugged and worn, it raised its huge breast against wind and wave, secure upon a broad pedestal, which probably extended as far beneath the sea as the massive column itself rose above it. Rising thus, with its shaggy drapery of sea-weed clinging about its knees, it seemed to be a motionless but sentient being—some monster of the deep, a Titan of the ocean condemned ever to front in silence the fury of that illimitable and rarely-travelled sea. Yet—silent and motionless as he was—the hoary ancient gave hint of the mysteries of his revenge.

Standing upon the broad and sea-girt platform where surely no human foot but his had ever stood in life, the convict saw, many feet above him, pitched into a cavity of the huge sun-blistered boulders, an object which his sailor eye told him at once was part of the top hamper of some large ship.

Crusted with shells, and its ruin so overrun with the ivy of the ocean that its ropes could barely be distinguished from the weeds with which they were encumbered, this relic of human labour attested the triumph of Nature over human ingenuity. Perforated below by the relentless sea, exposed above to the full fury of the tempest; set in solitary defiance to the waves, that, rolling from the ice-lands of the Southern Pole, hurried their gathered might unchecked upon its iron front, the great rock drew from its lonely warfare the materials of its own silent vengeance.

Clasped in iron arms, it held its prey, snatched from the jaws of the all-devouring sea. One might imagine that when the doomed ship, with her crew of shrieking souls, had splintered and gone down, the deaf, blind giant had clutched this fragment, upheaved from the seething waters, with a thrill of savage and terrible joy.

John Rex, gazing up at this memento of a forgotten agony, felt a sensation of the most vulgar pleasure. "There's wood for my fire!" thought he; and, mounting to the spot, he essayed to fling down the splinters of timber upon the platform. Long exposed to the sun, and flung high above the water-mark of recent storms, the timber had dried to the condition of touchwood, and would burn fiercely.

It was precisely what he required. Strange accident that had for years stored, upon a desolate rock, this fragment of a vanished and long-forgotten vessel, that it might aid at last to warm the limbs of a villain escaping from justice!

Striking the disintegrated mass with his iron-shod heel, John Rex broke off convenient portions; and, making a bag of his shirt, by tying the sleeves and neck, he was speedily staggering into the cavern with a supply of fuel.

He made two trips, flinging down the wood on the floor of the gallery that overlooked the sea, and was returning for a third, when his quick ear caught the dip of oars. He had barely time to lift the seaweed curtain that veiled the entrance to the chasm, when the Eaglehawk boat rounded the promontory.

Burgess was in the stern-sheets, and seemed to be making signals to someone on the top of the cliff. Rex, grinning behind his veil, divined the manoeuvre. McNab and his party were to search above, while the Commandant examined the gulf below. The boat headed direct for the passage, and, for an instant, John Rex's undaunted soul shivered at the thought that perhaps, after all, his pursuers might be aware of the existence of the cavern.

Yet that was unlikely.

He kept his ground, and the boat passed within a foot of him, gliding silently into the gulf. He observed that Burgess's usually florid face was pale, and that his left sleeve was cut open, showing a bandage on the arm. There had been some fighting, then, and it was not unlikely that his fellow-desperadoes had been captured! He chuckled at his own ingenuity and good sense.

The boat, emerging from the archway, entered the pool

of the Blow-hole, and, held with the full strength of the party, remained stationary. John Rex watched Burgess scan the rocks and eddies, saw him signal to McNab, and then, with much relief, beheld the boat's head brought round to the sea-board.

He was so intent upon watching this dangerous and difficult operation, that he was oblivious of an extraordinary change which had taken place in the interior of the cavern. The water, which an hour ago had left exposed a long reef of black hummock-rocks, was now spread in one foam-flecked sheet over the ragged bottom of the rude staircase by which he had descended.

The tide had turned, and the sea, apparently sucked in through some deeper tunnel in the portion of the cliff which was below water, was being forced into the vault with a rapidity which bid fair to shortly submerge the mouth of the cave. The convict's feet were already wetted by the incoming waves, and as he turned for one last look at the boat, he saw a green billow heave up against the entrance to the chasm, and, almost blotting out the daylight, roll majestically through the arch. It was high time for Burgess to take his departure if he did not wish his whale-boat to be cracked like a nut against the roof of the tunnel.

Alive to his danger, the Commandant abandoned the search after his late prisoner's corpse, and hastened to gain the open sea. The boat, carried backwards and upwards on the bosom of a monstrous wave, narrowly escaped destruction, and John Rex, climbing to the gallery, saw with much satisfaction the broad back of his outwitted goblin disappear round the sheltering promontory.

The last efforts of his pursuers had failed, and in another hour the only accessible entrance to the convict's retreat was hidden under three feet of furious sea-water.

His gaolers were convinced of his death, and would search for him no more.

So far, so good. Now for the last desperate venture—the escape from the wonderful cavern which was at once his shelter and his prison.

Piling his wood together, and succeeding after many efforts, by aid of a flint and the ring which yet clung to his shank, in lighting a fire, and warming his chilled limbs in its cheering blaze, he set himself to meditate upon his course of action. He was safe for the present, and the supply of food that the rock afforded was amply sufficient to sustain life in him for many days, but it was impossible that he could remain for many days concealed.

He had no fresh water, and though, by reason of the soaking he had received, he had hitherto felt little inconvenience from this cause, the salt and acrid mussels speedily induced a raging thirst, which he could not alleviate.

It was imperative that within forty-eight hours at farthest he should be on his way to the peninsula. He remembered the little stream into which—in his flight of the previous night—he had so nearly fallen, and hoped to be able, under cover of the darkness, to steal round the foot and reach it unobserved. His desperate scheme was hatched to commence. He had to run the gauntlet of the ledge and guards, gain the peninsula, and await the rescuing vessel.

He confessed to himself that the chances were terribly against him. If Gabbett and the others had been recaptured—as he devoutly trusted—the coast would be comparatively clear; but if they had escaped, he knew Burgess too well to think that he would give up the chase while hope of re-taking the absconders remained to him. If indeed all fell out as he had wished, he had still to sustain life until Blunt found him—if haply Blunt had not returned, wearied with useless and dangerous waiting.

As night came on, and the firelight showed strange shadows waving from the corners of the enormous vault, while the dismal abysses beneath him murmured and muttered with uncouth and ghastly utterances, there fell upon the lonely man the terror of Solitude.

Was this marvellous hiding place that he had discovered to be his sepulchre? Was he—a monster amongst his fellow-men—to die some monstrous death, entombed in this mysterious and terrible cavern of the sea? He tried to drive away these gloomy thoughts by sketching out for himself a plan of action—but in vain.

In vain he strove to picture in its completeness that—so yet vague—design by which he promised himself to wrest from the vanished son of the wealthy shipbuilder his name and heritage. His mind, filled with forebodings of shadowy horror, could not give to the subject the calm consideration which it needed. In the midst of his schemes for the baffling of the jealous love of the woman who was to save him, and the getting to England, in shipwrecked and foreign guise, as the long-lost heir to the fortunes of Sir Richard Devine, there arose ghastly and awesome shapes of death and horror, with whose terrible unshakability he must grapple in the lonely recesses of that dismal cavern.

He heaped fresh wood upon his fire, that the bright light might drive out the gruesome things that lurked above, below, and around him. He became afraid to look behind him, unless some shapeless mass of mid-sea birth—some voracious polype, with far-reaching arms, and jellied mouth ever open to devour—might slide up over the edge of the dripping caves below, and fasten upon him in the darkness.

His imagination—always sufficiently vivid, and spurred to unnatural effect by the exciting scenes of the previous night—painted each patch of shadow, clinging bat-like to the humid wall, as some globular sea-spider ready to drop upon him with its viscid and clay-cold body, and drain out his chilled blood, enfolding him in rough and hairy arms.

Each splash in the water beneath him, each sigh of the multitudinous and melancholy sea, seemed to prelude the laborious advent of some mis-shapen and ungainly abortion of the oere. All the sensations induced by lapping water and regurgitating waves took material shape and

surrounded him. All creatures that could be engendered by slime and salt crept forth into the firelight to stare at him. Bad dabs and splashes that were living beings, having a strange phosphoric light of their own, glowed upon the floor. The livid excruciations of a hundred years of humidity slipped from off the walls and painfully heaved their mushroom surfaces to the blaze.

The red glow of the unwonted fire, crimsoning the wet sides of the cavern, seemed to attract countless blisterous and transparent shapeless masses, which elongated themselves towards him. Bloodless and bladdery things ran hither and thither noiselessly. Strange carapaces crawled from out of the rocks. All the horrible unseen life of the ocean seemed to be rising up and surrounding him.

He retreated to the brink of the gulf, and the glare of the upheld brand fell upon a rounded hummock, whose coronal of silky weed out floating in the water looked like the head of a drowned man. He rushed to the entrance of the gallery, and his shadow, thrown into the opening, took the shape of an avenging phantom, with arms upraised to warn him back.

The naturalist, the explorer, or the shipwrecked seaman would have found nothing frightful in this exhibition of the harmless life of the Australian ocean, but the convict's guilty conscience, long suppressed and derided, asserted itself in this hour when it was alone with Nature and night; the bitter intellectual power which had so long supported him succumbed beneath imagination—the unconscious religion of the soul.

If ever he was high repentance it was then. Phantoms of his past crimes gibbered at him, and covering his eyes with his hands, he fell shuddering upon his knees. The brand, loosening from his grasp, dropped into the gulf, and was extinguished with a hissing noise. As if the sound had called up some spirit that lurked below, a whisper ran through the cavern.

"John Rex!"

The hair of the convict's head stood up, and he cowered to the earth.

"John Rex!"

It was a human voice! Whether of friend or enemy he did not pause to think; his terror over-mastered all other considerations.

"Here! here!" he cried, and sprang to the opening of the vault.

Arrived at the foot of the cliff Blunt and Staples found themselves in almost complete darkness, for the light of the mysterious fire, which had hitherto guided them, had necessarily disappeared; calm as was the night, and still as was the ocean, the sea yet ran with silent but dangerous strength through the channel which led to the Blow-hole, and Blunt, instinctively feeling the boat drawn towards some unknown peril, held off the shelf of rocks out of reach of the current.

A sudden flash of fire, as from a flourished brand burst out above them, and floating downwards through the darkness in erratic circles came an atom of burning wood. Surely no one but a hunted man would lurk in such a savage retreat.

Blunt, in desperate anxiety, determined to risk all upon one venture. "John Rex!" he shouted up through his rounded hands. The light flashed again at the eye-hole of the mountain, and on the point above them appeared a wild figure, holding in its hands a burning log, whose fierce glow illumined a face so contorted by deadly fear and agony of expectation that it was scarce human.

"Here! here!"

"The poor fellow seems half-crazy," said Will Staples, under his breath; and then aloud, "We're friends!"

A few moments sufficed to explain matters; the terrors which had oppressed John Rex disappeared in human presence, and the villain's coolness returned. Kneeling on the rock platform he held parley.

"It is impossible for me to come down now," he said. "The tide covers the only way out of the cavern."

"Can't you dive through it?" said Will Staples.

"No, nor you neither," said Rex, shuddering at the thought of trusting himself to that horrible whirlpool.

"What's to be done? You can't come down that wall."

"Wait until morning," returned Rex, coolly; "it will be dead low tide at seven o'clock. You must send a boat at six or thereabouts; it will be low enough for me to get out, I dare say, by that time."

"But the Guard?"

"Won't come here, my man; they've got their work to do in watching the Neck, and exploring after my mates; they won't come here. Besides, I'm dead."

"Dead!"

"Thought to be so, which is as well—better for me, perhaps, if they don't see your ship or your boat, you're safe enough."

"I don't like to risk it," said Blunt, "it's life if we're caught, remember."

"It's death if I'm caught!" returned the other with a sinister laugh; "but there's no danger if you're cautious. No one looks for rats in a terrier's kennel, and there's not a station along the beach from here to Cape Pillar. Take your vessel out of eye-shot of the Neck, bring the boat up Descant Beach, and the thing's done."

"Well," says Blunt, "I'll try it."

"You wouldn't like to stop here till morning? It is rather lonely," suggested Rex, absolutely making a jest of his late terrors.

Will Staples laughed. "You're a bold boy!" said he.

"We'll come at daybreak."

"Have you got the clothes as I directed?"

"Yes."

"Then good-night. I'll put my fire out, in case somebody else might see it, who wouldn't be as kind as you are."

"Good-night."

"Not a word for the Madam," said Staples, when they reached the vessel.

"Not a word, the ungrateful dog," assented Blunt;

adding, with acute heat, "That's the way with women. They'll go through fire and water for a man that doesn't care a snap of his fingers for 'em; but for any poor fellow who risks his neck to pleasure 'em they've nothing but sneers! I wish I'd never meddled in the business."

"There are no fools like old fools," thought Will Staples, looking back through the darkness at the place where the fire had been; but he did not utter his thoughts aloud.

At eight o'clock the next morning the *Pretty Mary* stood out to sea with every stitch of canvas set, aloft and aloft. The skipper's fishing had come to an end. He had caught a shipwrecked seaman, who had been brought on board at daylight, and was then at breakfast in the cabin. The crew winked at each other when the haggard mariner, attired in garments that seemed remarkably well preserved, mounted the side. But they none of them were in a position to controvert the skipper's statement.

"Where are we bound for?" asked John Rex, smoking Staples' pipe in lingering puffs of delight. "I'm entirely in your hands, my worthy Blunt."

"My orders are to cruise about the whaling grounds until I meet my consort," returned Blunt, sullenly, "and put you aboard her. She'll take you back to Sydney. I'm victualled for a twelvemonth's trip."

"Right!" cried Rex, clapping his preserver on the back. "I'm bound to get to Sydney somehow; but, as the Philistines are abroad, I may as well tarry in Jericho till my beard be grown. Don't stare at my scriptural quotation, Mr. Staples," he added, inspired by creature comforts, and secure amid his purchased friends. "I assure you that I've had the very best religious instruction. Indeed, it is chiefly owing to my worthy spiritual pastor and master that I am enabled to smoke this very villainous tobacco of yours at the present moment!"

(More of this next week.)

HONESTY APPRECIATED.

In Persia truthfulness is at a premium, as the English resident soon discovers. For some time after his arrival he is the victim of his servants, of the tradesman, and, indeed, of the natives in general. He buys experience more or less dearly, but having bought it he is able to correct his mistakes, one by one.

Gradually he takes root in the country. He "hits off" with the Persians. The solitary one makes friends—real friends, not mere acquaintances—and, strange to say, these friends are often from the priesthood, the most fanatical among the Moslems. And these Oriental friends always confess that what originally attracted them to their new ally is the strange fact that an Englishman doesn't lie.

In Persia, the great hot-bed of lies and intrigue, a man who does not lie is indeed a phenomenon. Very soon the Englishman is invited to dinners, to marriage feasts, even to picnics; for he is a lion, and the lion-hunter exists even in Persia.

Little by little the influence of "the man who tells the truth" begins to spread, disputes are referred to him, for is he not the only judge in the place who does not hunger for a bribe? An unpaid arbitrator, he "embodies the law" in many a knotty dispute. There are no fees in his court, and the reference being by mutual consent and purely unofficial, there can be no appeal.

THE average man's idea of a nice girl is one who is charmed with what he says, and pays very little attention to what he does.

"ARE all people that go to America women?" asked little Tommy.

"Why, no, my child," said his mamma. "There are a good many men and some little boys, like you, that go."

"Then what makes you call them all Emma Grants?" was Tommy's response.

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FICTION.

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

THERE are husbands who are pretty,
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the
morn;

There are husbands who are healthy,
There are famous ones and wealthy,
But the real angelic husband, well—he's never yet been
born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
Who are really so devoted,
That where'er their wives are absent they are lonesome
and forlorn;

And while now and then you'll find one
Who's a fairly good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband—oh! he's never yet been
born.

So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated
As "pretty fair," should cherish him for ever and a day.
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect, quite, in every feature—
He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

SHARPLEY'S TRICK.—"I tell you what," said a suburban
resident to his friend, as the tram-conductor came round
bearing a particularly big and imposing bell-punch;
"my neighbour Sharpley ought to be made to carry one
of those things when he makes his collections in church,
if ever anybody ought to be made to wear one."

"Why? What has he done?"
"I'll tell you the whole story, and then you can judge
for yourself."

"I live next door to Sharpley, and my garden is
separated from his just by a light paling. I was slashing
away at the grass on my little lawn the other night with
a sickle. I was just finishing the job, and wondering
whether I should ever be rich enough to indulge in a
lawn-mower, when he came out and leaned over the
paling."

"Look here," said he, "you're getting quite a lawn,
and so am I. We haven't either of us got quite enough
work for a lawn-mower, but together we have. Say
we go halves in one?"

"I told him that I thought it was a good idea, and
would do so."

"He said he would manage the purchase, and would
tell me how much half the cost was; so I let him go and
buy the lawn-mower, and he brought a receipted bill for
two pounds in his name. I gave him a sovereign, and
left the machine and the receipt in his hands."

"About two weeks after that—I'd seen him shoving
the lawn-mower round his grass in great style in the
meantime—I thought my grass had got long enough to
warrant cutting, and I went to get the machine."

"Sharpley was out, they said, but the lawn-mower was
down at Mr. Smith's. I fancied it was a little queer that
he had lent our machine, but I went down to Smith's and
got it."

"I thought they looked a little cross when I took it,
but I took it just the same, and mowed my lawn. Next
night Sharpley came and got it again, and mowed awhile
in his garden."

"A few days after that I thought it was time to mow
once more, and went to my neighbour's after the machine.
I asked at the back door—

"Where's the lawn-mower?"
"Mr. Smith came and took it a little while ago," said
the daughter."

"Mr. Smith! What business had he with our machine?
I didn't ask, but I trotted down to Smith's. I found
Smith very complacently oiling the lawn-mower and
apparently getting it ready for action."

"Well," said I, "I came over after that lawn-mower,
but as you seem to be getting ready to use it, I suppose
I must wait."

"Hum," observed he, "Sharpley and I keep it pretty
busy."

"So it seems," replied I sarcastically.

"Want to get our money's worth out of it, you know,"
says he.

"That struck me as a mighty queer remark, and I
couldn't help retorting:

"I should think you have enough work to buy one for
yourself?"

"Well," says he, looking up a little surprised, "I own
half of this one."

"You—your own half of this one," observed I.

"Why, certainly," replied he, "Sharpley and I bought
this lawn-mower together."

"I tell you that took me completely down. My neigh-
bour had got me to pay for one-half of the machine and
Smith the other, calculating to get the use of it to mow
all his own grass for nothing."

"If he had been as cautious as he was sharp, and
kept the machine in his own place, or else insisted on
fetching it himself, I suppose he might have kept going
that way."

"Since we've found it out Smith and I get along first-
rate, but Sharpley has to hire an Irishman to mow his grass
with a scythe."

FEMININE TIMIDITY.—"John, hark!"
Mrs. McMillinger sat straight up in her bed, and
listened to a noise she seemed to hear downstairs.
"What is it, Maria?" inquired Mr. McMillinger
drowsily.
"It seemed like somebody talking. Listen!"
Mr. McMillinger listened. He, too, thought he heard
something.

"I will see what it is," speaking very loudly and
moving very leisurely. "Don't be alarmed, Maria. We
are well armed, besides these two revolvers," he con-
tinued, in a high-pitched voice intended to terrify any
unauthorised persons that might be in the house. "I have
a heavy stick and a large glass paper-weight. Be calm,
Maria."

He crawled out of bed, collected his arsenal, and the
procession moved downstairs in the following order:—
Mr. McMillinger, with a revolver in each hand, heavy
stick under one arm, and a paper-weight under the other.
Mrs. McMillinger ready to scream, with front hair in
curl papers, lamp in one hand, and a bottle of camphor in
the other.

At the landing, half way down, Mr. McMillinger
stopped.

"Maria," he observed sternly, "it will be necessary
for you to go in front. You have the lamp. I'll protect
you."

Mrs. McMillinger took her place in front as directed,
and the procession moved on again. At the foot of the
stairs John stopped and took up a commanding position
near the hall rack.

"Now, Maria, go ahead with the lamp into this room
on the left. I will remain here to see if anybody rushes
out. If anybody does rush out," he exclaimed, grinding
his teeth in a manner horrible to hear, "I will put
fourteen bullets through him, knock him down with this
paper-weight, and break every bone in his body with this
stick!"

Mrs. McMillinger went into the room on the left and
looked round.

"Do you see anything, Maria?" asked her husband
in a voice of thunder.

"No, John."

"Go through the other rooms," he roared, bracing
himself firmly against the wall.

While John remained in the hall armed to the teeth,
pale with iron resolution and trembling with ungovern-
able ferocity, Maria explored all the rooms and came
back.

"Did you see anything?" he demanded.

"Not a thing, John."

"Give me the lamp."

He handed his weapons to Maria, took the lamp, and
with dauntless bravery went through the rooms himself.

"It wasn't anything, Maria," he said with extreme
disgust. "You didn't hear anything or anybody."
The procession moved up the stairway on the return
trip.

"You must try to overcome this timidity of yours,
Maria," said Mr. McMillinger, as he put down the lump
and relieved his wife of the load of deadly weapons. "If
I hadn't been here to protect you," he grumbled, crawling
back into bed, "you would have frightened yourself to
death."

PERSISTENCY is the road to success. The only known
exception to this rule is the case of a hen sitting on a
china egg.

It is when a young fellow in love has lost his head that
the girl in the case is likely to mercifully lay her own on
his shoulders.

"THERE'S one thing I don't understand," said little
Harry, "that's why good-tasting things like jam make
me sick, while bad-tasting things like medicine make me
well."

BROWN: "Here is some tobacco, my poor man. You
must feel the loss of a smoke after dinner."

BEGGAR: "Yes, sir. But I feel the loss of my dinner
before the smoke a good deal more."

If you are a precise man, and wish to be certain of
what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we
have the authority of Lindley Murray, and many others,
for the assertion that Ann "is an indefinite article."

FIRST ARTIST: "Seen my portrait of Miss Hylton in
the Academy this year?"

Second Artist: "Yes."

First Artist: "I promised I would paint it for her, you
know. Charming girl; in fact, she's a perfect angel."

Second Artist: "Ah, I suppose that is why she was
skied."

A LARGE owner of property scolds his son, who persists
in always being the last in his form.

"Why, you silly boy, what are you going to do in after-
life, if you won't learn anything?"

The urchin, casting a sidelong glance at his father's
desk, replied:

"Well, I shall do the same as you do—every three
months at quarter day, I'll sign receipts for the rent."

FACTS.

A MAHOGANY tree in Honduras was recently cut into
boards, which, when sold in the European market, realised
nearly £2,200.

A VERY extensive industry in Russia consists of the
manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the
number of 30,000,000 annually.

To such an extent does religion prevail at Gonavee, in
the South Seas, that every man, woman, or child on that
island who does not go to church at least three times a
week is liable to be arrested and fined, the fine going to
the king.

THE Stinging Nettle was introduced into this country by
the Romans. They transported the obnoxious weed that
they might chafe their benumbed limbs with its leaves
when overcome by the unaccustomed cold of this northern
isle. To our ears such rigorous treatment hardly
sounds—

IN London, as in every capital of Europe, there are
foreign officers mingling with the ordinary police, but
who take their orders from the Consuls or Ministerial
representatives of their respective nations. They are
watching criminals who have escaped from the jurisdic-
tion of their own country.

THE management of Norwegian coasting steamers
have arranged that husband and wife shall travel at a
fare and a half. This is a distinct encouragement to
husbands not to leave their wives at home on account of
double expense, and it might perhaps be adopted in rail-
way matters nearer home with advantage.

THE gross total wealth of the world is estimated at
60,000 million pounds sterling. The United States of
America heads the list of nations with an aggregate
wealth of about 12,000 million pounds sterling, the
United Kingdom comes next with about 10,000 millions,
and France ranks third with about 8,000 millions.

IN many parts of this country the superstition still sur-
vives that it is folly or madness to save a drowning man,
as he will, sooner or later, do an injury to the rescuer.
The superstition comes down to us from our ancestors,
yet traces of it exist among the Sioux and other Indians,
who seem to have inherited it from aboriginal sources.
In this country the belief is most prevalent in Cornwall
and various parts of Scotland.

MANY well-dressed London dandies have contracts with
West-end florists for the supply of button-holes. As a
rule, the charge is about a £1 a week, and this includes
two button-holes daily, one for wear during the day, and
the other for the evening. The cast off button-holes
become the perquisites of the valet, and it is usually sup-
posed that this gentleman returns them to the florist, and
adds to his pocket-money considerably thereby.

"EDISON" is the name of a village in New Jersey
which has sprung into existence during the past two
years owing to an invention of Edison's. It stands on
the side of an old deserted iron pit, called the Ogden
Mine, which, after Edison invented his "magnetic ore
separator," was acquired by the New Jersey and Pennsylv-
ania Concentration Company. The old "tailings" of
the mine are passed through the hoppers of these separa-
tors, and the iron in them is attracted aside by powerful
magnets, and melted into pigs. In this way a flourishing
industry has arisen.

LIVING in the Wenatchee, a narrow valley jutting into
the Upper Columbia River at a point called The Mission,
because French priests years ago settled there and taught
the Indians, is an old Indian chief, La Pier by name, who
has in his possession a remarkable souvenir. It is nothing
less than a lasso of human hair, fifty feet long, and of
variegated colours, and is a mute witness of a terrible
story of women tortured and scalped by Redskin fiends.
In the lasso are the dark tresses of women whom once
were perhaps brunette beauties. Farther along may be
noted hair of brown and of auburn, and in half-a-dozen
places of yellow. Hair straw-coloured, and red, is
shown, but the saddest of all to contemplate are the long
tresses of grey and white which are twisted several feet
long in the horrible rope.

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PECULIAR PAR. FROM THE PAPERS.

With a view to making this page as interesting as possible we offer half-a-crown for every Peculiarity received from a reader and published. The actual cutting must always be sent, with a note as to the date of issue of the paper in which it appeared. In the event of duplicates, payment will be awarded to the sender of the first to hand. We shall append to each par. the initials of the person to whom remuneration for it has been sent, and thus save others who may have forwarded it also the trouble of writing. Rejected communications cannot be returned. Contributions for this column should be marked "Peculiar."

Half-a-crown has been forwarded to the sender of each of the following paragraphs:—

ACCORDING TO THE GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN there is a

TROWER wanted, good hand at teapots; must be strictly sober; permanent place to suitable workman.—Ad-dress— J. M.

Who are the culprits about to suffer for their evil ways by having teapots chucked at them by this strictly sober thrower?

EVERYONE knows with sorrow that there are still many girls in London who are absolute slaves. Yet one seldom sees anything quite so barefaced as this, which appeared in THE GARNETON CHRONICLE. It is to be hoped that the young lady, although she is nominally unfurnished, at any rate is allowed an old sack!

FIRST-FLOOR Front room to let, unfurnished; also a young girl for machine work. Apply— A. C. D.

It would be nice to know the rent of the girl who forms a part of the above job lot.

THE GROCER'S GAZETTE thus allows an advertiser to put forth his capabilities:—

TEA Taster, Buyer, Blender, Planter, and Traveller, aged 30, with 25 years' experience; exceptional ability; good appearance and address; thorough teaman; highest testimonials; seeks Re-engagement.—Expert. B. D.

This young man of good appearance began early. He is probably trying a big bluff. Nowadays most children begin tasting tea at five, and twenty-five years' experience with the leaf sounds well.

THIS appeared on the historic 9th, in THE DAILY NEWS:—

A handsome bronze medal of Lord Tennyson has been produced by Roselle Thomas, of Highbury Park. The deceased poet, in thanking Mr. Thomas, referred to the medal as "carefully executed." B. L. R.

They certainly did look pretty jovial sitting in the window of the D. N. office as the Lord Mayor's Show passed. I thought it couldn't be the procession that was tickling them so. Now I understand. It must have been this little editorial joke that was amusing them—such a lot. It is certainly a bit humorous, yet a communication from the next world is a gruesome subject to make fun over.

How the musical shade of the departed Mendelssohn must have curled up if it read this paragraph in THE PRESTON CHRONICLE:—

GARRISON CHURCH, FULWOOD.

The pretty little chapel at Fulwood Barracks was very tastefully decorated with flowers, fruit, corn, etc., on the occasion of the harvest festival, which took place on Sunday. In the evening a large number of visitors attended. The music was provided by the band of the West Yorkshire Regiment, a notable item of their performance being Mendelssohn's "Warm hearts of the priests." W. G.

A notable item truly! The West Yorkshire must be an original set of performers to transform "War March of the Priests" into "Warm hearts of the Priests."

THE following is an unfeeling par. from THE BURTON EVENING GAZETTE:—

REPTON.

PLAYING WITH GUNPOWDER.—An explosion, which might have been attended with more serious results, took place on the afternoon of the 2nd inst., in the post-office of this village. It appears that the second son of the postmaster (Mr. John Pattison), a boy about thirteen years of age, amused himself with pouring some gunpowder out of a flask into the fire in the shop for the purpose of obtaining a display of fireworks. This he succeeded in doing, as the powder exploded with a loud bang, alarming the neighbourhood, and smashing one of the valuable plate-glass windows, which fell crashing into the street. The boy himself was burnt on his hand and face, but unfortunately, no one else was injured, and, with the exception of everything in the shop being covered with soot, no damage was done to the stock. F. A.

Very unfortunate no doubt. From the editorial point of view, some good "copy" has been lost. Possibly the inmates of the Post-office look upon the matter in a rather different light!

THIS is from THE PEOPLE:—

HOUSE to Let. Must have Wife who can Work Out occasionally. Entry now or Term.—Apply— J. P.
Should like to see a housewife of that sort some day. Perhaps there is a family of little houses, too!

I SHOULD think the everyday puddle which has been raised to the supreme dignity of a river by an advertiser in THE ISLE OF WIGHT HERALD must be bubbling with pride:—

WANTED, in good condition, A PAIR-OAR DINGY for use in river 14 feet long. Address— P. H.

"AD." from THE WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE:—

FOR SALE, Airdale TERRIER DOG, two years old. Kill anything. Very fond of children.—Apply to— A. W.

Poor children! For everyone the world is full of troubles; yet to be worried to death by a terrier, who makes a speciality of youngsters, is, indeed, beginning unnecessarily early.

THE following is a little mixture from LLOYD'S. The moral evidently is, "Never look too closely at your carriages, or you may see something you didn't expect":—

Lifting the effigy of Mrs. Higginbotham from the gig, which proved on inspection to be a pillow, dressed up for the occasion, he hid the latter away amongst the branches of the trees. H. M. G.

A peculiar gig, sure—ly!

A CORRESPONDENT has unearthed an atrocious advertisement from THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS. Here it is. Somebody in Devon seems to have an eye to the main chance.

FOR SALE.

A DEVIL, owner no further use for it.—Apply— T. A. G.

Thanks, Mr. Advertiser, but things are a trifle dull in that line to-day. The market isn't moving at all!

The owner's calm assertion that he has no further use for the commodity is quite funny. I should like to see its character if he gives one. Highest references of course!

It is true that the Royal physicians have of late gravely persisted in turning her Most Gracious Majesty, Lady Queen Victoria, into Grass every year. Notwithstanding which fact the annexed, from THE EVENING POST of the busy town of Nottingham, sounds a bit cracked:—

GIRL Wanted, 15, as Nurse-girl, and to make herself generally useful; meadow preferred.—Apply— H. G. P.

A girl of fifteen, who can just go round the corner and reappear a verdant meadow, would be distinctly useful.

The suggestion is good. Provided there are plenty of young ladies willing and able to take the job on we shall see some funny things yet before we're through.

There are many landowners whose country property is to them burdensome throughout the winter. In future they will merely sit still and whistle softly to their wise-creeps; then migrate to town by the next train, followed by a numerous retinue of fair housemaids. If they want some shooting at a moment's notice they can take down a "special" full of servants and roll them out once more into meadows broad.

THE young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is prettier than her own.

PARENT (trembling with emotion): "You are audacious; you are heartless. She is my only child."
SUITOR (wishing to pacify): "But, my dear sir, you—er—can't blame me for that."

HERE is an extract from a recent novel:—Husband and wife ate on together in silence. There was manifestly an ill feeling between them. The husband devoured a plate of soup, half a fish, a piece of roast beef, and a slice of plum-pudding without ever once opening his mouth.

LAURA: "Auntie, should I be justified in writing to a young man who had never written to me?"

Auntie: "Only on very important business, my dear."

Laura: "Well, this is important business. I want to marry him."

IN a written examination on physical geography, one of the questions was:

"What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?"

A boy, with rather an admirable knack of getting out of a difficulty, wrote the following answer:

"A great many people come out to look at it."

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

ALMOST every city of importance in the world possesses some feature of striking interest—some peculiarity with regard to its construction, its situation, or the buildings it contains.

Of the type of city in which the streets are mainly composed of water, the two best known are, perhaps, Venice, with its gondolas, and Amsterdam, with its three hundred bridges.

There is, however, a town in America where the very fields and gardens which produce the vegetables and fruits for consumption, are afloat, and where, Venice-like, nearly all the traffic is carried on in canoes.

The city of Mexico is situated on the narrow neck of land which divides two great lakes of the Anahuac Plateau in Central America, over 7,000 feet above the sea level.

Early in the fourteenth century the Aztecs conceived the idea of utilising for cultivation the floating masses of vegetation which, during the rainy seasons, were invariably torn from the marshy banks of lakes Xochimilco and Chalco.

With but little labour the inhabitants fastened these bodies of decayed matter together, so as to form fields some 300 feet in length and 20 feet in width. The surfaces were then covered with an abundance of rich soil obtained from the banks of Lake Texcoco, and propelled from place to place with long poles.

A number of the more modern Chinampas, as these buoyant gardens are called, are artificially constructed of wicker-work, and covered with twigs, leaves, and earth; but those which were in use previous to the Spanish invasion of Mexico, were formed naturally of the knotty and twining roots of trees, tangled shrubs, and stems of water plants bound together with reeds and rushes.

The country surrounding the city of Mexico is excessively marshy, and to clear and irrigate a space in the forests, sufficiently large for the purposes of cultivation, would entail an enormous amount of labour. The idea of these easily constructed gardens, therefore, commended itself highly to the Mexicans, who are by no means an industrious nation.

Practically the whole of the fruits and vegetables consumed in the town are grown on these floating islands, which are sometimes large enough to sustain the weight of a fair sized tree, or a hut for the person in charge.

The Mexicans take great pride in the arrangement of their Chinampas, and those who are more energetic than their fellow-countrymen plant round their fields a border of brilliantly coloured flowers, which form a striking and agreeable contrast to the dark luxuriant foliage of the surrounding tropical forest.

The farmer on his floating field, cultivates beans, peas, and capicums for the market, and also often succeeds in producing an abundant crop of potatoes and artichokes.

Mexico, however, is not the only country of which floating islands are a peculiarity.

Jules Verne, in his CRYPTOGRAM, has given us a vivid and impressive description of the floating masses of vegetation which abound in the Amazon, and bases his story upon the journey which his hero made on the Giant Raft, which was nothing more nor less than a huge floating island.

Even in parts of Britain these natural curiosities are to be found, although, of course, they are not of the size and fertility of those which exist in South and Central America. The Bog of Allen in Ireland, for instance, contains large masses of peat floating about, over which one may walk with perfect safety.

In England, Lake Derwentwater contains a small island which appears and disappears from time to time at the same spot. This marvellous clod of earth usually rests on the bottom of the lake, but during hot weather it becomes permeated with marsh gas, which makes it more or less buoyant, and its tendency to rise is also greatly assisted by the water plants which grow on its surface.

The inhabitants of the valley of Cashmere, where many large lakes abound, find it necessary to cultivate their vegetables upon pieces of land which are detached from the marshy ground by cutting through the roots of the reeds and other plants about two feet below the surface. When the rains swell the lakes to such an extent that they overflow, these strips of soil rise with the water, so that the cereals and vegetables are not destroyed.

Floating islands of one kind and another are said to have been well known to the ancients, for Roman writers speak of them as existing on lakes Vadimonia, Cutilia, and Stationia, in Italy.

Pliny asserts that similar curiosities were to be found on lakes near Cosaubum, Reate, and Modena, while those on Lake Vadimonia were, according to the younger Pliny, often used for the transportation of flocks of sheep from one shore to another.

But this method of conveyance was excessively slow, and not without considerable risk, for on more than one occasion a whole flock of sheep have been known to take fright, and to plunge into the water which surrounded the natural raft.

The most curious of all European floating islands are to be found in a lake known as Lago de Agua Santa di Tivoli, near the Baths of Agrippa, and are composed of sulphur, carbonate of lime, and the leaves and roots of trees. Needless to say, these masses are not used for purposes of cultivation.

CARD-PLAYERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Most players have their own superstitions concerning cards. One of the most common is that where a player not having good luck gets up and solemnly walks around his chair three times in order to propitiate fortune, or the player will order a new pack of cards.

The partners in a game of cards who have the grain of the table running between them are also supposed to be helped thereby. This is an Irish notion. If you are a card-player, and not having a table in your room, start to play cards on the bed, then beware, for this is an act sure to bring misfortunes innumerable.

Never throw a pack of cards at anyone, as the act will bring all kinds of bad luck to the person struck. When you have a pack of cards which have seen their best days, do not commit the imprudence of giving them away.

It is also bad luck. The proper plan is to burn them, and preferably with pepper and salt.

These people, when a fortune-teller is not convenient, will often pick out their own fortune by means of divers kinds of solitaire. Then there is the old proverb, "Lucky at cards, unlucky at love," which sentimental girls firmly believe.

WORTHY OF ITS ORIGINAL.

THE following is submitted as an imitation of the French short story:—

They had been so happy.

He thought of those rosy days by the seaside, those dreamy walks in the wood, and of that first ecstatic kiss.

Ah, that kiss! He remembered how, in that delirious moment of physical intoxication, when their very souls rushed to their lips and commingled—how the crescent moon had whirled and danced before his tears-of-joy bedimmed eyes, until it took the semblance of a catherine-wheel in the throes of epilepsy.

And now the end had come—the end of all.

She loved another.

He wandered to the wood-shed. An object struck his gaze.

It was the meat-axe.

An awful thought took possession of him and seated itself into his plastic soul.

As one in a dream, he took the awful weapon from the wall and strode to the grindstone. He placed the axe upon the stone, his foot fell upon the treadle, and the insensate disc of grit began to revolve as of its own volition.

Its sibilant, savage, serpent-like hiss was music to his ear.

Plucking a hair from the magnificent brown moustache that he had once loved, he tested the edge of the horrible instrument of fate.

The test was satisfactory.

He strode to the trysting place. 'Twas to be their last meeting.

She came. Her lips wore the same false, sweet smile they had worn in other days.

He allowed his eyes one last look at her transcendent loveliness and smile her in twain. And again in quarters. And in eighths. And in sixteenths.

Then he calmly walked to the police station, told his story, and waited for the end.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS OF LONDON.

EVERYBODY in London knows the Bluecoat Boys, with their odd, old-fashioned uniform of blue and yellow, lightened by silver buttons, and nothing whatever in the shape of a hat. Strangers always look at them with great interest, ask what they are, and, having found out, pay a visit to Christ's Hospital School, and walk over as much of that interesting and ancient pile as the gatekeeper, with the black top hat with the silver-lace band, will permit.

The school was founded as a charity in the days of Edward VI. Boys who could not otherwise obtain an education on account of the poverty of their parents, or the lack of them, were here to be given an education, and a pretty thorough one, too. But as the years rolled on, and gave place to others, the real charity boy rolled on too, and gave place to others, who would be indignant were it to be insinuated that they were ever on even the most distant terms with charity.

The site of the school contains five and one-fourth acres. So vast is the building that in many of the corridors and other passages that are open to the elements the roar of London is unheard, or falls upon the ear in a sleepy murmur. The great dining-hall is the second largest of the kind in London, that of Westminster ranking first. It is 195 feet long from wall to wall. At the north end is a gallery for visitors and friends of the governors during an entertainment.

On the face of the gallery are the royal arms. At the other end of the hall is the organ and a place for the choir. There, too, are the arms of the school—two Bluecoat Boys. Five rows of oak tables stretch from one end of the hall to the other, and on each side of each row is a line of oak benches. At these tables the boys, of whom there are 750, eat three meals a day, having first laid the tables, which they clear when the meal is over.

Against the east wall, about the centre, is an old-fashioned reading desk. In this one of the seniors, or Grecians as they are called, reads grace before and after meals three times a day.

The Bluecoat Boys should be able to take care of themselves almost anywhere, for they are taught to do everything for themselves. They make their own beds, and make them well. In each dormitory there are fifty iron bedsteads. They black their own boots, with the exception of the monitors and first Grecians. Some younger boy is expected to perform the operation for them; but for this he must be paid, as fagging is not practised.

To be admitted to the school a boy must not be younger than ten nor older than eleven years. According to the rules no child shall be admitted whose parents or relations do not need assistance towards his education and maintenance, though this rule is not rigidly enforced. Boys are admitted now by competition, so that brains, and not poverty, is an open sesame. Admission is by presentation of a governor—there are three hundred governors—or the council of almoners. Each governor is restricted to one presentation in six years. To be admitted, a boy must, of course, be in good health, be intelligent, and be able to read and write.

The boys have a splendid playground. It is paved, however, so that cricket is out of the question. Football is the principal amusement, and very odd the boys look when they tuck up their long coats in order to be unhampered while they try to kick holes in the ball or in each other.

WAS IT FAITH CURE?

How the imagination acts upon the health is well illustrated by the following story:—Some time ago advertisements appeared in a number of small country papers describing the wonderful electric properties of a lately-discovered mineral spring, which was guaranteed to "cure every disease under the sun."

The most wonderful part of the spring was that when one drank of its waters the usual "gentle flow of electricity" was felt, "bringing relief to all." This advertisement naturally brought scores to the little village that was being boomed. The air of the place was bracing, the water was pure, and those who came ill returned well.

The directors of the company grew richer day by day, until finally the cat was let out of the bag when the usual disclosures were made. The public showed itself ungrateful for the numerous benefits received, and said that it had been swindled. The directors asserted that the faith cure was a part of the treatment, and if the people would not believe that was not the company's fault.

The wonderful "electric spring" was arranged as follows:—It was only a plain mineral spring, but the cups that the patients drank from were fastened by a brass chain to an iron bar which enclosed the mouth of the bubbling spring. You were prevented from coming too close by another circular iron railing, about eight feet across.

The ground round the spring was naturally moist, and it was either this ground or the iron railing which was one of the ends of an open electrical circuit. The cup held by the chain was at the other end.

The person drinking, simply completed the circuit through his body, and when he had finished, the attendant kindly and immediately removed the cup from his hand. The drinker always felt that "delightful tingling sensation," and rejoiced that they had found the fountain of youth.

Some imagined they even felt the new blood coursing through their veins. A small induction coil, ingeniously concealed, and connected with the cup and railing, was a cheap method for producing that "invigorating feeling" which filled the patients with new life and hope.

HOW SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE FED IN FRANCE.

THE school children pay for their mid-day meal by means of counters, which are bought by their parents at so much the dozen; but in cases of poverty, either chronic or occasional, these tickets can be obtained without payment, though when the children give them in they do just as the others do, and none of their companions know whether it is by the care of the State or of their own parents that these little ones are fed.

Before we exclaim at the cost to the taxpayer we must remember that the French have no poor-laws like the English, and this is simply one of their methods of distributing relief.

It is something to be able to feel that there hardly can be such a thing as an absolutely starving child in Paris within the limits of school age, and this not in winter only, but all the year round.

One meal a day, at least, the State insists on, and it seems to me that this vigilance over the health of the young, this determination to take off for them the sharpest edge of extreme privation without marking them with the brand of pauperism, must in time have visible effects on the physical well-being of the entire population.

What an untold relief to many mothers it must be to know that, on school days, at any rate, their children are sure of at least one good meal a day. It is eaten on temporary tables formed with boards and trestles.

WHICH IS THE SAFEST PART OF A TRAIN?

THE recent railway disaster at Thirak will make the practice of selecting a seat in the safest portion of a train more general, if not a regular rule, with passengers who are at all afflicted with nervousness.

There is, however, considerable vagueness as to which compartments are the most desirable so far as immunity from accident is concerned, so a few remarks on the subject may not be without interest.

Quite the safest portion, undoubtedly, is the centre of the train; but in any case a Pullman car is far and away least likely to be smashed to smithereens.

People who have the least fear of accident, and possess the necessary means, should always avail themselves of a Pullman wherever one is attached to the train.

Up to the present there is no instance on record of anyone being killed in a Pullman; and this ample testimony to the safety of the luxurious American invention is greatly strengthened by the condition of the Pullman car after the Thirak disaster.

When ordinary carriages are telescoped and smashed to atoms, passengers in the Pullman seem to invariably escape with their lives.

This state of things is brought about by the care taken in the construction of these magnificently-fitted rolling drawing-rooms.

The foundation of a Pullman consists of three long planks stretching from one end of the car to the other. These are securely fastened together with tough iron girders, and are surmounted by three other planks, which, when braced together, are capable of withstanding a shock of collision even when the train is flying along at a speed of fifty-five or sixty miles an hour.

The tail of the train, considered by some, because farthest away from the locomotive, to be absolutely the safest part, is not so in reality. When an engine travelling at high speed dashes into another train, the guard's van in the rear and the one next it are frequently swung off the line while the remaining portion of the train is left standing on the rails.

Absolutely the most unsafe carriages are those between the engine and the Pullman cars. In the event of violent collision these compartments very rarely escape total demolition. They are situated between two heavy forces—the obstruction in front and the heavy cars behind—so that of all the carriages in the train they are subject to the greatest chance of being telescoped.

Where there are no Pullman's the most dangerous carriage is that next the engine, for which reason a luggage van almost always follows the tender. When there is no van railway travellers may have noticed that the first compartment is almost invariably labelled "engaged;" but, as a matter of fact, for the better protection of the public, the whole carriage should be thus labelled, or a van put in front.

TEACHER: "Now, Dick, my boy, can you tell me what is the material of which balloons are most generally made?"

Dick (after a moment's reflection): "Flypaper."

POLICEMAN: "Mr. Smartie, I have some bad news for you. Your shop was burglarised last night, and the thieves carried off everything."

Smartie: "Is that so? How lucky I am. It was only yesterday that I marked down my goods twenty-five per cent."

VERBOSITY is the besetting sin of all official correspondence, so that a laconic dispatch is refreshing. The Secretary of the Treasury wrote to the collector at the port of Mobile: "Sir,—This department is desirous of knowing how far the Tombigbee river runs up. You will please communicate the information." The reply reads: "Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th ult., and of informing you in reply that the Tombigbee River does not run up at all."

"SOCIETY NEWS" MISSING WORD RESULT.

57 WINNERS GET £5 12s. EACH.

HERE is the full sentence in *Society News* Missing Word Competition, No. 2:

"It is a singular fact that the self-same marquis is now running a coster's barrow in real earnest, monetary losses having brought him down to the occupation he once followed to induce a lady to share with him his career."

6,375 solutions were received, 57 of which gave the correct word. This means that the £318 15s. (with 9s. added) to be divided yields £5 12s. a-piece.

— 1997 —

THE GREAT BECKLESWATHE MYSTERY. AND HOW IT WAS SOLVED.

RELATED BY THE MAN WHO SOLVED IT.

AN "UP TO DATE" DETECTIVE STORY

By HENRY HERMAN,

author of "Eagle Joe," "His Angel," "Scarlet Fortune," "A King in Bohemia," "Time Whirligig," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Everybody who was anybody knew the Clowsley Tawne and Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe. Everybody knew that Mr. Clowsley Tawne was originally from Mr. Hector Clowsley, a gentleman of scientific pursuits and not exorbitant income, who he had—without rhyme or reason, so everybody thought—inherited the large fortune of his cousin, Abraham Tawne, senior partner of the firm of Tawne and Beckleswathe, bankers, of Lombard Street, and that he had assumed the last portion of the name in deference to the munificent testator's wish. Everybody, of course, knew Mrs. Clowsley Tawne, a sprightly brunette in the later twenties, twenty years her husband's junior, and said to be a bit of a flirt—which in this peculiar present-day world, for a married woman, was thought to be a piquant. Of course, everybody knew there was no harm in it. Mrs. Clowsley Tawne dispensed smiles with even-tempered prodigality. She was seen at the Opera with a noble lord on one night, with a Bohemian journalist at the Gaiety on the next. At more staid functions she selected escorts with harmony with the occasion—thus, a bishop had accompanied her to a charity bazaar.

Mr. Clowsley Tawne, a tall, narrow man, with a face like the Sphinx, was known to be a good-natured, quiet, sedate gentleman, much given to the reading of books and prints, and therefore unable to bestow upon his flighty little wife the attentions which ladies thought her due. Some people voted Mr. Clowsley Tawne a fool for allowing his wife to wander abroad, so to say, in other people's keeping. Others, less charitable, hinted that Mr. Clowsley Tawne found an attraction elsewhere, a charge which even the most ingenious scandalmonger was unable to substantiate. Still others referred to Mr. Clowsley Tawne by the observation that "Still as he runs deep," and that most likely he had his open end and would be able to check Mrs. Clowsley Tawne's butterfly flirtings whenever he had a chance.

With all that, the Clowsley Tawnes were known to be very happy together. He loved his books and his wife, and would sit for hours adoring an engraving by Antonio Bagnardi or an etching by Rembrandt; she found charming people among the little circle of her immediate surroundings; and, being an able conversationalist herself, cultivated with that art of airy satire which is the spice of every social intercourse. If she wandered near enough to the brink to be able to look down and be seen, some thought, it would do her no harm, to give her special chic.

The Clowsley Tawnes lived in Fulham, in one of the old-fashioned houses that still are to be found in that suburb, surrounded by a couple of acres or so of all-timbered garden, and closed in on all sides by ivy-covered walls. It was a quaint place, and was left to Mr. Clowsley Tawne with the rest of the Tawne property. Upon it the testator had spent all his fortune, and it was as comfortably comfortable and lugubriously grand as heavy oak and stiff Anne furniture could make it. The late Mr. Clowsley Tawne had been a staidly-minded gentleman for whose household the lighter or more dainty things had no existence. Browns, dark blues, and dark greens prevailed everywhere, and, where it was to be found, it had been laid on with a good deal of the old-fashioned grandeur, and especially in the rooms which she herself occupied were patterns of lightness and good taste. The decorations of the living-room had been hastened under her direction, and she had a ball-room built which had become the envy of her best friends.

Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe had been an intimate terms with the Clowsley Tawnes since the husband had become a partner in the firm. Some people even thought that he was too

frequent a visitor at Tawne Lodge to be guided there by mere friendship. He was a hale and hearty gentleman in the early fifties, who tried to look, and really looked not much over forty. His mustache still retained its original brown, and if his hair was a little scanty, it showed as yet no trace of silver. His greyish eyes were continuously twinkling with humour, and a smile was always playing round his lips. People said that he was one of those gentlemen who took things as they came, and things having come to him very plentifully and agreeably, he bothered not about the rest. He was a great favourite with the ladies, young, old, and middle-aged, and, being unmarried, had been for years vainly besieged by damsels and widows. His nephew, Mr. James Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe, vowed that his uncle would die a bachelor and leave him all his money. He knew, he slyly asserted, that Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe would never marry; and as Mr. Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe never contradicted his nephew, people came to believe that the young man was right.

Mr. James Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe, whose age was actually thirty-six, looked fully ten years older than his uncle. He had inherited over 300,000l. from his father, had promptly run through the lot in the space of four years, and was then vegetating on an allowance of 1,500l. a year doled out to him by his parsimonious uncle. As his annual expenditure regularly amounted to 3,500l., it may be supposed that he could not make both ends meet. Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe had paid the young man's debts on three occasions, and then had expressed his opinion that the Bankruptcy Court was a useful and beneficent institution, specially designed for the class to which his nephew belonged, and with that hint he had closed his purse and his correspondence with the young man, always excepting the dole of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, paid quarterly and in advance.

Under all these circumstances, it may be readily imagined that the Clowsley Tawnes and Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe were happy enough in their way, boasting most likely a good many friends and a very few enemies. Indeed, where people so nice could find the luxury of real enemies might have been a mystery had not Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe met with his death one night under the most awful circumstances.

A dinner party had been given at Tawne Lodge. It had not been one of a ceremonious order. The guests had been nearly all intimates, and the evening had passed off rather quietly. Mr. Clowsley Tawne had retired early. He had, that very day discovered a little treasure, a genuine edition of the "Poems by J. R.," which he had immediately secured for the sum of 50l., and carried home in pride. All through the evening he had fondled the little volume, and he had gone to his room to pass an hour or two with his prize. All the guests had departed—so, at least the servants thought—and Mrs. Clowsley Tawne had gone to her boudoir, and had been there for some time, as everybody supposed, alone. It was past midnight, when the domestics were startled by a crash like a rifle shot, succeeded by a series of piercing shrieks proceeding from Mrs. Clowsley Tawne's room. They rushed wildly to their mistress's apartment, and there were horrified to find the figure of a man, who proved to be Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe, lying on the floor, face downward, in a pool of blood, and the lady unconscious by the side of the sofa. While the women were doing their best to revive their mistress, the men raised Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe, and were awe-stricken to find that the whole front and upper part of his head had been blown away. The furniture, every thing, in fact, about the room, was bespattered with ghastly fragments.

There had not been another creature in the room, except a little pug puppy, which was quietly crunching some chocolate crumbs that had fallen from a box which his mistress still held in her nervously clenched hand.

CHAPTER II.

Among those who are intimate with me I am known as George Up-to-Date, and perhaps the appellation is not misplaced. I believe in go-ahead-ism; I act up to my belief, and I fancy that I deserve some credit for it; for never was man brought up in a more slow-going, standstill, thoroughly conservative school than I was. I happen to be one of those unfortunate creatures, a younger son. My noble father, Lord Aukmar, was blessed by my lady my mother with three sons and seven daughters, and I am the second of the male progeny. My father, from my Eton jacket days forward, hammered into my mind the fact that I was a gentleman, and has scrupulously made me an allowance of ten pounds a year to support my dignity. My mother's brother, dear old Colonel Swaine, left me one hundred and forty pounds a year, totally unanticipatable and inconceivable. My tastes are not very extravagant, but I found one hundred and fifty pounds insufficient. Besides that I could not have lived in idleness if I had been paid for it, and paid for it well. I had the reputation of being smart, and I must confess I am in the habit of "keeping my eyes skinned" as the Americans say. When, therefore, the day came for me to make a choice of a profession, I said to myself, "Why not that of a private detective?"

The word "detective" had a rather ugly sound about it. It smacked of police and of spying. "But then," I said to myself, "there are detectives and detectives, and there is no reason why a private detective should not be a gentleman, and why a gentleman should not be a private detective." I fancied that my bringing-up, training, and general social surroundings would be of considerable help to me. No sooner thought of than done. My name, the Hon. George St. Gath Umberley, was too aristocratic, but "George Umberley" was rough and ready and workmanlike enough, and, therefore, the "Hon." and the "St. Gath" were dropped, and George Umberley, "private detective," blossomed into existence.

At first my lord my father rebelled, and my lady my mother remonstrated and wept. My darling sisters vowed that they would never speak to me again; but I have since discovered that my darling sisters were only too eager to seek my society when they knew I was engaged in a case which was likely to feed their supply of five o'clock tea scandal.

At the time when the Beckleswathe murder became the all-engrossing subject of metropolitan conversation, I had followed my new profession for about three years. I knew both the Clowsley Tawnes and the murdered man. I knew their families and their surroundings. With Mrs. Clowsley Tawne I had a more than passing acquaintance. I am a pretty good dancer, and I have been told that I am not bad-looking, and when I still had the "Hon." and "St. Gath" tacked to my name I often used to bask in the light of Mrs. Clowsley Tawne's smiles. She once told me I was a heavenly waltzer, and I verily believe that, if my devotions had not been otherwise engaged at the time, I might have made an ass of myself over the flighty little brunette.

The first news I got of the affair was, of course, given by the morning paper. As I opened my "Chronicle" some specially boldly displayed lines struck my eyes: "Horrible death of a well-known banker. Murder, suicide, or accident?" The announcement itself was bewildering enough. It read as follows:

"An awful tragedy occurred shortly after midnight last evening at Tawne Lodge, Fulham, the residence of Mr. Hector Clowsley Tawne, member of the well-known banking firm, Tawne and Beckleswathe, of Lombard Street. The servants were startled by a loud explosion and the screams of their mistress, and, on rushing to Mrs. Clowsley Tawne's assistance, they found the horribly mutilated corpse of Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe lying on the floor, covered with blood. His head had been nearly entirely blown away, and it would have been impossible to recognise the corpse, had his identity been open to a doubt. The lateness of the hour at which the terrible affair occurred prevents us from supplying further particulars. The house and premises are now being guarded and searched by the police, and the question has to be answered whether this horrible business is a suicide or accident, or a new and most awe-striking variety of murder."

I am a naturally cool man, but I felt as if a hairy spider were creeping down my back when I read those lines. Mr. Matthew Beckleswathe-Beckleswathe was as decent, kind-hearted, and noble-minded a fellow as ever breathed. Notwithstanding his enormous wealth, he was more of a Bohemian than anything else. There was no "side" about him, and his hand, I knew well, was continually in his pocket to encourage those who found the climbing of the ladder stiff work. He was certainly not a man to commit suicide, and he was a careful man. He would not play with weapons and explosives, and have his head blown to smithereens. "No, no," I said to myself, "George Up-to-Date, this will most likely turn out a case for you. It's a murder." Of that I had no doubt.

I was still cogitating over the business and its bearings when Humphrey, my clerk, messenger, valet, and general factotum, announced to me that a lady wished to see me. And she is in a state, Mr. Umberley," he said, "and no mistake." He handed me her card—"Mrs. Mayling." I knew Mrs. Mayling also. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Clowsley Tawne, but a woman of a different calibre altogether. She had been married, when only sixteen, to a man four times her age. The man four times her age was naturally provided with the world's goods. He had died a year after his marriage; and, to Mrs. Mayling and everybody's surprise, had bequeathed to her an annuity of four hundred and fifty pounds, and left the remainder of his vast fortune to various charitable institutions. That was something like seven or eight years before this portion of our story and the world had been wondering ever since why Mrs. Mayling did not marry again. I could have given the world a little information on that subject, and so might Mr. Bernard Ayot, the well-known painter and sculptor, have done. Mr. Bernard Ayot was another one of Mrs. Clowsley Tawne's little circle. He was a lighthearted, bright-eyed, good-tempered Hibernalian, who carried about with him everywhere not the manners of Dublin, but of Prague. He was excellent company, and had a fund of Irish stories that would always be relied upon to make people roar. He could sing a lovely Irish comic song, and Mrs. Clowsley Tawne had cried over his rendering of "The Wearing of the Green." There was only one fault to be found with Mr. Bernard Ayot that I knew of

—he had the reputation of being a male flirt. But, then, his escapades were of such a harmless kind that nobody was the worse for his idiosyncrasies.

Mrs. Mayling was about as unlike Mrs. Clowsley Tawne in appearance as she could possibly be—tall, slim, and fair, with a pair of curiously glittering, cold, greyish-blue eyes, and hands that were always on a nervous go. She could not sit still for a minute at a time, and spoke with her eyes as much as with her lips. She was a devilishly handsome woman, and many a fellow might have gone to perdition over her, and not regretted it. I am not one of that sort, and I am sure Mr. Bernard Ayot was not one of that kind either. His was a playful kind of idiosyncrasy—not the feverish mad sort that plays the diabolical with one's reputation and banking account. I always gave Mrs. Mayling credit for being a shrewd woman; and though fire is bound to melt ice sooner or later, I did not consider her the kind of lady who would have jumped over Westminster Bridge if she had been thwarted in her love, especially if the weather were cold and the water looked very wet.

"Do come at once to Irene," cried Mrs. Mayling when she burst into the room—Irene was Mrs. Clowsley Tawne's name—"she is crying her eyes out. Of course you have heard what has happened. The poor thing has been in hysterics nearly all night. Isn't it too awful—too horrible? The police are all over the place, but they're such fools, and Irene has begged me to come and fetch you. 'Fetch George Up-to-Date,' she said to me. 'Ask him to come over, for Heaven's sake—for my sake,' and I took the first cab I could find; and you must come, Mr. Umberley—you will, won't you? Isn't it positively too horrible? That poor Mr. Beckleswathe, poor, poor man."

I asked Mrs. Mayling to be seated, and she took a chair, but jumped up again immediately.

"I cannot rest, Mr. Umberley," she said. "I cannot sit down. It's too shocking. Poor Mr. Beckleswathe—positively the nicest man in the world; and poor Irene! I wonder whom they'll suspect? Whom do you suspect, Mr. Umberley?"

[The answer to this question, and what followed it, will be found in the Great Jubilee Number of "Lloyd's News" for November 27th. Mr. Henry Herman, author of "The Great Beckleswathe Mystery," says he will defy any reader to guess the conclusion of his story until the final chapter is reached. No more of the tale will appear in "Pearson's Weekly," but it will be continued in "Lloyd's News," the family favourite, which has three times the circulation of any other paper.]

MR. HENRY IRVING contributes exclusively for "Lloyd's Jubilee Number" "Black Spirits and White," founded on an interesting incident of his recent holiday in Cornwall.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS has written exclusively for "Lloyd's Jubilee Number" a new and original complete story of London life, entitled, "A Five-Pound Note."

THE IDLEMAN CLUB.—MR. JEROME K. JEROME, MR. ROBERT BARR, MR. G. B. BURGESS, MR. I. ZANOWITZ, MR. W. L. ALDEN, MR. EDEN PHILLIPPS, and MR. BARRY FAIR, have written exclusively for "Lloyd's Jubilee Number," a series of light, anecdotal, and entertaining papers.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS contributes a Special Article on the Wars of Our Time.

DR. ANDREW WILSON will take for his text, "How to Attain Old Age and Enjoy it," and give the best medical advice.

MR. HOWARD EVANS has chosen the original motto of "Lloyd's News," "Measure, not men," for the title of a Social and Political Retrospect of the Last Half-Century.

MR. THOMAS CATLING (the Editor) will furnish Reminiscences of "Lloyd's News"—the founding of the Paper by the late Mr. Edward Lloyd—the Editorship of Douglas Jerrold—the marvellous growth of circulation and unique success of "Lloyd's" in tracing Long-Lost Relatives.

DRAMATIC RECOLLECTIONS OF ACTORS of Half a Century Ago, now living, have been collected by MR. JOHN NORTHOLT.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL, Composer of "Gheer, boys, Cheer," contributes Anecdotes.

LORD BRASSEY has written a Special Paper on "Conciliation" in questions affecting Capital and Labour.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY (says the "Athenaeum") was recently approached by the editor of "Lloyd's News" with a view to the introduction of a short sermon into that journal. His Grace received the suggestion with favour and, after an interview and correspondence with the editor, it has been decided to commence the series in the paper issued for the last week in November. The idea is a sermon of 500 words, the first of which will be written by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishops of Bath and Wells, Ely, Ripon, Southwell, Wakefield, Sodor and Man, Lichfield, Peterborough, Rochester, Worcester, Bedford, Dover, Beverley, Southwark, Derby, and Barrow-in-Furness have already sent, or promised, sermons, and many more occupants of the episcopal bench warmly commend the editor's proposal.

LOYD'S GREAT JUBILEE NUMBER (120 columns) will be illustrated with Special Sketches by MR. HARRY FUNNIE, MR. ALFRED BEVAN, MR. T. ROBINSON, MR. W. T. PARKIN, and other Artists.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

RESULT OF MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. 49.

\$73 11¢ EACH FOR 43 WINNERS.

HERE is the Chartered Accountant's statement with regard to the word which was omitted from the paragraph about edible butterflies that appeared on the third column of page 267, of issue for week ending Nov. 12th.

"I certify that the sealed envelope handed to me by Pearson's Weekly in connection with this competition has been opened and contained the word *careless*, and further that I have audited the accounts of this competition and find them correct as stated below.

H. S. Luby
Charles Howard
124 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Here is the passage in question :—

A friend of mine, who when in Australia tasted some of this queer food, tells me that it was very savoury.

63,254 solutions were sent in, 43 of which gave the word *savourless*, which means that the £3,162 14s. yields £78 11s. apiece, with 1s. over.

The following are the names and addresses of the winners :—

J. H. Collins, 56, Belmont Road, St. Andrews, Bristol; F. Sharrock, Halloway Road, Brixton; W. H. Gibson, Penruddock, Penrith; J. Bradbury, 44, Manor Street, Braintree, Essex; T. Thomas, 11, Vere Street, London, W.; A. E. Gott, 12, New Bridge Street, Manchester; W. Curtis, 17, Diana Street, Walton, Liverpool; G. W. Todd, 19, Poldat Hill, Greenwich; W. Valentine, 19, Henderson Row, Edinburgh; R. C. Jones, Hunter's Farm, Watford, Herts; F. Cooke, National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, A.W.; Miss Sinclair, New York, near Lincoln — Edwards, Strathmore, Lea Bank Road, Liscard, Cheshire; H. F. Eassy, 2, Luvridge Road, Millburn; F. Eddolls, 12, Victoria Place, Lower Easton, Bristol; W. Beckett, Prince Road, Windermere; V. G. Osterroth, 2, Gresham Street, E.G.; F. Parry, 114, Mosely Road, Birmingham (two shares); Miss Davis, 51, Latimer Road, Forest Gate; J. W. I. Lashmar, Westham, Kent; S. Biggs, 53, Fairbank Street, East Road, N.; G. M. Perry, 12, Salisbury Street, G. O. M. Manchester; Bergh Yates, Sussex Road, E. Bush Hill, Dublin; A. E. Sharrock 1444, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; F. T. Parsons, 14, Wellington Street, Woolwich; S. Coyntie, 43, Ordnance Road, Berking Road, E.; G. E. Greer, 12, Statham Grove, Green Lanes; H. Toth, 2 Cambridge Gardens, Guildhall Gardens, Folkestone; H. Jones, 111, Hampstead Road; W. S. Nuttall, Melmshaw House, Accrington; J. Davidson, 13, Alney Terrace, Garswood; S. Irvine, 154, Leitham Road, S.E.; A. Love, 5, Olive Vale, Watford, Liverpool; F. Shovelton, 51, Palm Street; W. Nuttall, Washington Terrace, Barnes; J. W. Marston, 7, Gladstone Street, Leytonstone; Jessie Heaven, 24, Avenue Road, Hammersmith; R. McPherson, 47, Albion Street, Hyde Park; J. Cooper, 17, Whitcomb Street, W.C.; Ben Thompson, 4, Mount Street, West, Aberdeen; J. L. Bartlett, 4, Meadow Bank, Accrington; Mrs. David Maxwell, Rhinfield, Govan, Glasgow.

Every possible pains is taken every week to ensure the correctness of these awards, and to ensure winners getting their shares. Once an award has been published, we cannot entertain any applications from those who, for some reason or another, think that they should have received something. Readers are requested not to enter the competition unless they feel they can abide by this regulation.

▲ PENCIL-CASE to the first person who points out a word of seven letters in which two syllables, each of three letters spelt exactly alike, come next to each other in this issue; and another to every twenty-fifth afterwards, until twenty-five have been awarded. Post-cards only, please. All letters will be disqualified.

Those interested in the Missing Word Competition will note that Mr Linley's certificate appears in an amplified form. The amounts received have assumed such very large proportions, that I felt it would be more satisfactory, both to us in this office and to the competitors, to have the correctness of the accounts independently verified by one whose membership of the Society of Chartered Accountants makes his statement on the matter above suspicious.

SOME places are still vacant in the two trips to the Chicago Exhibition, so kindly placed at the disposal of the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* by the secretary of the Polytechnic Institute. A full description of the advantages offered appeared in the issue for week ending November 12. The inclusive fare for the round trip, which not only includes a week at Chicago, but embraces a visit to all the most interesting points in the north of the United States, is twenty-five guineas, a sum very much lower than such a trip would cost in the ordinary way, and probably about one-third of what it will cost when prices are inflated by the great show. The first trip leaves Liverpool on June 17, the second leaves Southampton on July 8.

R. J.—The largest amount that a convict can earn in the way of gratuities is thirty shillings per annum, and this not altogether extravagant rate of remuneration for good behaviour is not paid after the sum of £3 has been amassed.

J. J. suggests that we should offer some prize for hand-writing. The only objection to this is that the relative merits of different hand-writings are simply a matter of individual opinion. There can be no standard to go by except in the case of copper-plate writing, and to offer prizes for this would simply be to give them to those whose business it is to produce work of the kind. However, I shall be very glad to give five and twenty of our gold-plated pencil-cases to the twenty-five readers whose hand-writing seems to me the best. Those who wish to enter the competition should write the last sentence of this reply, commencing with "Those" and ending with "November," on a piece of paper, put at the foot their names and addresses, and send it along to Temple Chambers with the envelope marked "Handwriting"; no competition will be considered unless it arrives on or before Tuesday, 29th November.

G. P. wishes to know what "the obligations are that must necessarily be observed to be an hermit?"

—The hermit business has considerably declined during the last few centuries, and, save in the almost inaccessible regions of Thibet and a few other entirely ineligible localities, the species is practically extinct. According to the most reliable records on the subject, however, G. P. can make himself into a very fair imitation of the mediæval hermit by retiring to a secluded cave, swearing off all the good things of this life, clothing himself in a shroud or a couple of yards of sackcloth, letting his hair and beard grow, and leaving off soap and water. He must next cultivate a lofty, but not ill-natured contempt for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and then he will be about as complete a hermit as the average recluse used to be. If he wants to be a very special kind of hermit, he might wear a few heavy chains in addition to the sackcloth, and either perch himself on a very high pillar and never come down till he falls down, or else retire to rest every night upon a couch composed of equal parts of thorns, thistles, and stinging nettles, and be careful to let everyone know that he does so.

W. B. sends the following account of a coal railway fraud :-

"I was travelling by an ordinary train from a southerly town in Ireland to the metropolis, the occupants of the carriage, myself included, consisting of eight persons, all bound for the same destination. At one of the wayside stations our number was augmented by a rather smart-looking young fellow, who waxed quite loquacious as we proceeded on our journey, but complained of the slowness of the train. Just before we arrived at the station next to the terminus, where the tickets were collected, our friend suggested that, in order to save time, he would collect the pieces of cardboard and hand them over to the official. This proposal meeting with the approval of the company, he sent round his hat in which we all placed our tickets. On the collector making his appearance the hat was handed to him, when, after counting the ticket, he remarked, 'Somethin' wrong here, gentlemen; there are noine of yea, but olve olly eight tickets.'

"The truth dawned upon us then. Our friend, travelling without a ticket, had used this artifice to avoid detection. In which he succeeded, for the collector, seeing that he could not point out the guilty party (as everyone protested that he banded in his ticket), like a wise man retired."

J. O.—You are quite mistaken. The dash at the end of the Missing Word paragraph in *P. W.* or *Society News* does not in any way indicate the length of the word omitted, and there never has been the smallest cause to imagine that this is so.

J. L. F.—The Tower of Babel was nothing like so high as you suppose. Of course, there have been the wildest statements with regard to its height, the most absurd of these being that of some Jewish authorities who placed it at twelve miles, an altitude far greater than that at which human life can be supported. On the authority of Jerome, the height of the Tower was four miles, but this also is unquestionably an exaggeration, and probably Strabo's statement to the effect that its height slightly exceeded 600 feet is as nearly correct as any.

LENA.—Roughly speaking, £430,000,000 sterling of British currency has been coined during the present reign. The rate of coinage has, during the last half century, been infinitely greater than ever before; indeed, during the reigns of all Queen Victoria's predecessors on the throne only half as much money was coined as has been in her time.

LLEWELLYN.—The Prussian army is unquestionably the best dressed of any in Europe. The Russian, taken as a whole, ranks next to it.

W. W.—The commonest name in Scotland is Smith, and of course it is in England. Smith, in Scotland, is followed very closely by MacDonald; and Brown, another name that sounds distinctively English, comes next. Murphy is the commonest name in Ireland, and Jones in Wales.

A. B. C.—The Houses of Parliament cost the country about £150,000 per annum. This includes salaries of officials, renewal of buildings, lights, fuel, stationery, and so on. The amount compares very unfavourably with that expended upon keeping the German Parliament going, which is under £20,000 per annum. But our authorities are much more economical in this respect than the French, for they spend considerably over half a million a year on their two Chambers.

A GOVERNMENT sends the following little discourse into which he has succeeded in introducing the whole of the Missing Words up to date. It is interesting as showing how very ordinary these words have been :-

My wife sat alternately stitching and playing a cavaeine, while I endeavored to evolve a way of finding the missing word. This completed, in great consultation I ordered and procured numbers of P. W., and after much deliberation distinctly suggested to my better half that we should do the right thing in style, and asserred that her share of the needful would be superflous. Her reply was blighting.

"*Infamous and repugnant beast*," she said, "your method of making money is as unrighteous as it is hopelessly impracticable. Be, like me, content to live complacently, taking the toughness and sweets of this world together. Seek not the showy recompensations held forth by these competitors."

"It is sad," I answered *smilingly*, gazing through the window over the *lake*, "that you should consider these *noted* competitions *undesirable* in the manner *indicated*. They are *entirely* free from moral peril and harm, and the intellectual *teachings*, bestowed by them are, without a shadow of doubt, *inestimable*. I have always valued them as a mental exercise, and, being *splendidly* conducted, it is not to be wondered at that they are *savagely* sought after. Their success, therefore, has been *deservedly phenomenal*."

F. K. says: "I wish you would stop that wretched Missing Word Competition. I do not go in for it, and several times lately I have been unable to get a copy of your paper at my newsagent's, who has attributed his rapid sale to this competition."——It is always a source of grief to refuse to oblige a reader, but this gentleman's request will not, I fear, be complied with just yet, simply because it is evident from what he says that in his part of the world the competition tends to augment the sale of the paper. But he and others in the same plight need never experience any difficulty of the kind; there is an easy way out of it, and this lies in giving a newsagent an order for a copy to be regularly supplied.

WRITING with regard to the recent reply in which were given the names of a number of places which have no public-houses, H. P. says that there are two villages near Wimborne Minster, in Dorset, which can claim this distinction. Their names are Canford and White-champton.

CHRISTMAS Cards seem to be more beautiful every year, though the old-fashioned one, with its snow and robin-redbreasts, appears to be almost a thing of the past. I have received an album of very beautiful cards from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of Coleman Street, London, E.C., whose assortment I should think is not to be surpassed for beauty and variety. Mr. G. Delgado, of 2 Tower Royal, Cannon Street, London, E.C., has also forwarded some samples of his cards, which are very charming.

ZEMANA.—Hungary is the country where railway travelling is cheapest. It is possible to journey from Budapest to Kronstadt, a distance of 500 miles, for 6s. 8d.; that is, at the rate of six miles a penny. Low as this fare is, it is liable to a reduction of one half in the case of agricultural labourers journeying in parties of not fewer than ten, and workmen of any other kind in parties of not fewer than thirty.

JAMPA T.—Yes; I believe it to be a fact that all really great orators have very large mouths, but, thank goodness, all men with big mouths are not orators.

ENQUIRER—Certainly large towns are considerably warmer than country districts. The air in the City of London, for example, has been proved to be always about three degrees warmer than that in the suburbs. This is accounted for partly by the fact that the wind does not have fair play in a town, and partly from the thousands of fires and furnaces, and from the mass of human beings and horses.

A. MACD. asks: "Is it absolutely necessary that the sender of queries to QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING page should in all cases send the answers?"——
——Certainly not. Indeed, it is absolutely unnecessary that answers should be sent in any case at all. The questions only are wanted.

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